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QUITS!

BY CATHERINE GRANT FURLEY.

Indeed, they have not grieved me sore,
  Your faithlessness and your deceit;
The truth is, I was troubled more
  How I should make a good retreat:
Another way my heart now tends;
We can cry quits, and be good friends.

I found you far more lovable,
  Because your fickleness I saw,
For I myself am changeable,
  And like, you know, to like doth draw;
Thus neither needs to make amends:
We can cry quits, and be good friends.

While I was monarch of your heart,
  My heart from you did never range;
But from my vassal did I part,
  When your lady-love did change:
No penalty the change attends;
We can cry quits, and be good friends.

Farewell! We'll meet again some day,
  And all our fortunes we'll relate:
Of love let's have no more to say,
  'Tis clear we're not each other's fate.
Our game in pleasant fashion ends:
We can cry quits, and be good friends.

Two Wedding Rings.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL.

CHAPTER VIII. -[CONTINUED.]

"LAURIE," I whispered, "sweetheart, you know that I love you—you must know—give me only one word! I love you so dearly, my darling, that I would die for you!"

She stood quite still, the wild flowers all blooming around her, a mass of crimson blossoms at her feet, the birds singing over her head, looking so fair, so young, so innocent, my beautiful love!

I could not help it: bending down, I kissed the sweet face that wore the grave simplicity of a dreaming child.

That roused her.

She withdrew herself gently from my arms.

"Laurie," I cried again, "I love you with all my heart, and I want you to be my wife."

Then for the first time I saw her turn her face to the glittering ocean. Raising her hand she pointed to it.

"You forget," she said—"you should not utter words of love so soon to me, and so near to my husband's grave."

"But, Laurie, what can it matter? I do not wish to say one word against him, but he was not kind to you. You did not love him. Forgive me—is it true you did not love him?"

"Yes—I did not love him," she replied, in a low voice, speaking rather to herself than to me. "But he was my husband."

"And you, and I too, darling, will respect his memory. You did not love him. Laurie, I think—I hope you love me a little—you will learn to love me more."

"Not yet," she said, trembling with emotion. "I have just escaped death, and he is dead. You should not speak to me of love Sir Gordon."

"I must, Laurie. I respect your sorrow; but I must speak to you about my love. I must tell you that I love you with all my heart—that I trust in time you will be my wife—that I ask nothing better than to live for you. You will not oppose my wish, Laurie?"

She whispered "No," but it was the faintest whisper that ever had a sound.

"I shall say no more about it just now, if you will give me one promise, Laurie—that is, when the year which custom prescribes for mourning is over, will you promise to be my wife?"

She was silent for a few minutes, with a look of deep thought on her fair young face; then a brightness that I had never seen before came over it, and she said:

"Yes, I promise, Sir Gordon."

I knelt in the long sweet grass and kissed her hand.

"My queen, I swear allegiance to you forever! I will stand between you and all sorrow, between you and all harm. You shall be the crown of my life. Oh, Laurie, Laurie, how I love you!"

"Not another word," she said, laying her white fingers on my lips. "Even the little birds in the air will know our secret if you tell it in that fashion."

I rose and begged one kiss—it was not much to live upon for a whole year—but she would not give it to me. Perhaps she was right.

* * * * *

"The sweetest love of all is the love that knows no words," sang an old poet, and how truly!

I agreed that our secret should be a secret known to none but ourselves—that no one should be even allowed to guess at it, and that, in order that this might be the case, we were to be always on our guard.

It was at once the most delicious and the most tantalizing of lives.

To see her, to hear her, yet never to dare to claim even one look from her, tried my utmost patience.

No one seemed to have the least idea of how matters stood.

Mrs. Vann, I could see, clung to her first notion that I was attracted by the younger Miss Salter—my darling and I knew better.

I had day dreams now—of how a good ship should come to our rescue and carry us home.

Then, when the time of mourning had gone by, of how I would woo and win my beautiful young bride, and of how I would take her to lordly Egremont, where she could live a queen.

I became impatient now for a sail to appear—yet the life on this tropical island was so sweet, so idyllic, I almost wished it to continue.

Laurie and I were not often together; one evening, however—it was sunset, and the waters of the great ocean were almost blood red—most of the ladies had gone to look for turtles' eggs.

Mrs. Vann asked my darling—ah, how thankful I was that I could use that word—to sit with her, and then, suddenly growing tired, she said she wanted to sleep. So Laurie stole away, leaving her alone, and fell a helpless prey to me.

She declared that I was always waylaying her, that I watched her incessantly, and then relented.

We walked down to the shore.

I wanted her, if possible, to lose her terrible dread of the sea, and to associate it with happier thoughts.

The tide was coming in, the waters were gleaming with red and gold under the light of the setting sun, the waves breaking on the green shore, the vast expanse of sky all blue and cloudless.

"A grave," said Laurie, in her sweet, sad voice—"only a huge grave. How many brave men and fair women, how many little children lie buried there! There is more of the terrible than the beautiful in this world."

"You have been unfortunate or you would not think so, Laurie. I could tell you of seas where the sands are of gold, where there is neither tempest nor storm; I could tell you also of lives all grace and beauty, without one trace of the sorrow that has darkened yours.

"I have often wished to ask you, Laurie, but I have never hitherto dared—you will not refuse to trust me now—why you, so fair, so young, so gentle, married Captain Hardross.

"You say you never loved him—how was it that you, so frightened always at the sea, married one whose life was spent upon it?"

"It must seem strange to you," she said. "I will tell you. It was no question of love—at least, I think not. Eric—poor drowned Eric—thought he had a great passionate love for me. It arose in this way.

"My father, Allen Stuart, lived at St. Roma's, a pretty seaport of Devonshire.

"He is a very old man; he was nearly fifty when I was born—he is nearly seventy now.

"My mother was much younger than himself, but she was always delicate and weak.

"We lived quietly and happily enough in St. Roma's, my father, my mother, and I.

"I went to school and as we had a good library I studied a great deal at home. We were very happy in a simple fashion, but even then I did not like the sea.

"I took all my walks in the lanes and meadows, and in the old pine woods on the hills.

"I never went near the shore—the sea was to me an emblem of treachery. I hated its restlessness; I hated every sound of it.

"We were very happy, although it was a simple life we led.

"I knew no world outside my father's house and garden; the flowers took the place of brothers and sisters, the birds of friends—I seemed to live in their lives. We had no trouble, no sorrow, though my mother was always an invalid and feeble in health.

"I must not stop to tell you of St. Roma's—of the glorious woods and meadows, the steep hills, the lovely lanes, the orchards and gardens, the mornings that were fair, the nights, calm and dewy, that were fairer still.

"I loved it all so well. My father had a small annuity—it was granted to him by Government for many years of good service.

"It was not much, but we were very happy with it until one day when I had been all through the woods gathering ferns, and I came home at sunset, laden with treasures, tired with the pleasant fatigue the fresh air often gives, longing for the tea which was always ready for me, more in love than ever with my happy, innocent life.

"There was great silence in the house—a solemn, unusual stillness that filled my heart with dread.

"I went through to my father's room, and as I went near I heard him weeping and sobbing aloud—him whom I had never known to shed a tear. I soon knew all about it.

"A friend—an old friend—was in difficulties, and my father had borrowed money on his annuity in order to help him—had borrowed it under the solemn promise that it should at some stated time be returned.

"Now the time had arrived. My father's friend, unable to meet the debt, had secretly quitted the country, leaving my father a ruined man—ruined without hope.

"'I must go to the workhouse, Laurie,' my father said—'at least I and your mother must.

"'Perhaps you can make a living for yourself. Great Heaven, to think that I should by my folly have brought my only child to this!'

"It was bitter truth. The pretty little home with its hundreds of household treasures was to be sold.

"Three days before the sale, which my poor father dreaded with untold horror, Captain Hardross called to see him; they had met somewhere years before, and the captain, who was passing through St. Roma's, had stopped purposely to pass a few hours with him.

"From the first moment he entered the house, Gordon, he hardly ever removed his eyes from my face.

"He listened to my father's story with kindly sympathy.

"'You want fifteen hundred pounds,' he said, 'to clear you?'

"'I might as well want fifteen million,' replied my father.

"As the captain went out of the room he laid his hand on my head.

"'You would do anything to get that money for your father?' he said. Looking up into his dark bearded face, I told him that I would.

"'I shall not leave St. Roma's,' he said; 'I have a plan in my mind. Your father has mortgaged his income for five years to get this money.

"I think I can save him from ruin—but I will come again.'

"He came the day after. By that time my father had made himself very ill. Another day of such mental agony would, I believe, have killed him.

"I was sitting by my father's bedside when the captain came in. He knelt down by my father's side.

"'Old friend,' he said, 'I can help you, and I will.

"'I will advance the fifteen hundred pounds if you will give me your daughter Laurie for a wife.'

"That was all, Gordon; there was no wooing as you call it.

"I hardly knew what being a wife was.

"I never realized that I should have to go to sea, to live always with that dark stern man.

"My poor father took pitifully at me.

"'You hear, Laurie?' he said.

"'I hear, and I am quite willing, father,' I replied.

"He clasped me in his arms, and his tears fell on my face.

"'Heaven bless you, my darling girl!' he said.

"'I have been a gentleman all my life—the workhouse would have killed me.' I remember now that neither my father nor the captain seemed to think much of my share in the transaction.

"They took it for granted I should do just as they wished.

"The money was paid, my father freed, and then I realized what I had done.

"I was to be married at once; my husband was captain of the Water-Queen, and was about to sail for India.

"I was to go with him. My mother looked wistfully into my face.

"'I hope you will be happy; but it seems very sudden—very sudden and very sad.'

"I cannot tell you what I suffered. I had not looked toward the future. I had not realized going away to sea with a man I dreaded.

"I had thought only of my father. He was saved, and now I had to pay the price of freedom.

"Heaven knows, and Heaven only, what I suffered; but I would not draw back. I had given my word, and I kept it. But on my wedding-day it seemed to me that all brightness, all happiness, youth and love died.

"I was one of the most miserable of women.

"I loathed my life. When it was time to set sail, I begged on my knees that my husband would let me remain on land, but he would not hear of it.

"I told him how frightened I was, how I dreaded the sight and the sound of the sea.

"He laughed at me, laughed while the

cold dew of fear lay on my brow and my trembled.

"I should go—that was his decision. When I said that I should die of fright, his answer was that death was as near on land as on water.

"From that moment he seemed to hate even whilst he loved me.

"At times he seemed to think my dread of the sea an insult to himself.

"'If you loved me,' he would cry, 'you would love what I love.'

"In vain I represented that I had feared the sea long before I knew him. I could never pacify him.

"I was with him only a few short months but they were months of torture and dread.

"At times, when there was a storm, or any unusual noise in the ship, I used to go almost mad with fear—desperate, reckless fear; then he was not very kind to me, you know."

I thought of the clinging arms, of the savage blow, but I restrained myself.

The man who had struck her was dead, lying under the sunlit ocean on which we gazed.

I took her in my arms and kissed the tears from her face.

I called her by every loving tender name I could think of.

I told her that while I lived neither sorrow nor trouble should touch her, that I would make her so happy that she should forget all this terror and pain.

She raised her face to mine and kissed me—my innocent darling—for the first and only time.

"You are very good to me, Gordon," she said gently.

"I did not know that men were ever so kind or so patient."

"There are men and men, Laurie," I answered.

Just then she raised her eyes from the sunlit sea, and cried:

"Gordon, see! There in the west is a sail—a large white sail!"

And, looking, I saw the sails of the ship that was to rescue us.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR rescue did not take place that night.

Already, when Laurie's dark eyes had espied the sail, night was falling—darkness soon comes on in those lands where it is of brief duration.

Remembering all that the other poor ladies had suffered before from suspense, I thought it wiser to say nothing to them.

I consulted Will Atkinson and the two sailors.

"Wait until the ladies are all asleep, sir," said Will. "It does not do for them to be tried."

So for the last time we all sang our evening hymn together, and soon night fell over tree and flower.

The sailors and I waited some time, and then, when all was silent in the leafy hut, we went away to the other side of the island.

We had with us a carefully preserved treasure in the shape of a box of matches. By Will's advice we massed together a huge pile of dry wood and leafy boughs, and set it on fire.

How the flames leaped and roared!

Very soon we saw the reflection of them in the clear dark sky, and I knew that if the vessel were still in the same direction they would be seen by those on board. One by one the ladies woke, and came to see what was the matter.

We told them we had made a huge bonfire, and they went back again, evidently thinking we were like school-boys playing.

But with the early dawn we saw the great ship coming toward us.

We were saved!

I have been present at many exciting scenes, but that one will never fade from my mind.

The mad, frantic joy of the women, the emotion of the sailors who rescued us, our mingled pleasure and regret at leaving the island which had been so welcome a shelter for us, the almost inarticulate joy of the ladies at finding themselves once more in the midst of comfort—all recur to me again.

The ship that rescued us was the "Red Star," a steamer going from Calcutta to London.

The captain had been the first to see the flames, and had at once suspected the cause.

The story of that rescue was told all over England soon afterward, and again and again we blessed those who in passing had stayed to save us from certain death.

We were once more afloat.

"Let me go safely home," said Mrs. Vann pathetically, "and all the fortunes in the world will never tempt me to go to sea again."

It was then that I heard for the first time that Mr. and Mrs. Vann had been on their way to India to take possession of a large fortune left by the former's brother.

We were a long time getting home, but at last we reached London, and there, after a brief while, we parted.

I made Mrs. Vann's heart glad by begging of her to go at once to my aunt, Lady Meretoun of Doon Abbey, who would for my sake, I knew, make her welcome.

I wrote a letter to Lady Meretoun, asking for kindness and hospitality for Mrs. Vann, whose heart was thereby made glad.

I had resolved upon taking Laurie home myself to St. Roma's. She was half inclined to forbid it.

"What will they say to me, Gordon?" she asked, standing before me with her sweet downcast eyes, playing nervously with the gold chain I wore.

"What will who say, Laurie?" I asked.

"My father and mother—and all of them. I shall be quite ashamed. I went away with Captain Hardross, and I return with you. They will think I am light and inconstant."

"They will think nothing of the kind my darling. We will say nothing of what we hope. I, as a companion in misfortune, take you home. No one need know that I am your lover just yet."

"I am afraid that they will," she said, gently.

"Why are you so much afraid?"

"Because you look like it. Any one would find out in five minutes that you cared for me."

"Well, I will be careful. I will look all the time as though I had fulfilled a very disagreeable duty in escorting you to St. Roma's, and was pleased it was over. Will that do?"

She laughed and we started for St. Roma's.

The meeting between Laurie and her parents was a most touching one.

They had parted easily with her; they had thought but little of sending her from home with the stern, grim captain.

Her father had thought more of his own freedom from debt than of his daughter's happiness.

Nevertheless in his weak feeble way he loved her.

He had grieved much over her supposed death, and now it seemed incredible to him that she should have been given back to him.

He kissed her, then stood a little distance from her, looking at her, and then he passed his trembling hands over the fair hair, crying:

"It is really Laurie, my good little Laurie, my dear child!"

Yet it was long before he realized that Laurie had come back to him from the very jaws, as it were, of death.

Her mother could only look at her in speechless joy.

"And your husband? Ah, I remember, the papers said he was brave to the last! He went down with his ship. I used to think about you, Laurie, after you had gone away. The captain was rather old to be your husband, and very stern and determined; but then he loved you, my dear, and he was very kind to you—that used to comfort me. He did love you Laurie?" he added, finding that she made no answer.

"Oh, yes, papa! And then you were safe and all right. I had that comfort to think of."

The old man turned to me.

"Who is this, Laurie," he asked—"one of the captain's friends?"

"Yes," I hastened to say, "I was one of Captain Hardross's friends. He gave his wife into my care, when he found that he would be unable to look after her. I have been true to my charge, you see, sir, and have brought her home to you."

"You are very good," he said with an old-fashioned bow. "I am proud to offer you such poor hospitality as lies in my power; I thank you very much. Laurie, tell me this gentleman's name."

My darling came forward with her sweet shy grace and introduced me. Stuart looked surprised.

"Sir Gordon Clanalpen. I heard of your uncle many years ago. He made a great name for himself, I remember."

Then he invited me to stay and rest myself for a day or two.

I must own that I affected to be more fatigued than I really was, in order to get the invitation from him.

Laurie looked pleadingly at me, as though she would say:

"Do not stay."

But I stayed.

Two days passed.

I spent them in winning the father's favor and the mother's regard—it was but seldom I won even a glance from the dark eyes of the daughter.

The father was delighted with me; he told Laurie I was as good as I was handsome, which was great praise from him.

Mr. Stuart asked me to come again and I promised that I would.

Laurie relented a little at last, and went with me to the station.

In bidding her farewell I stooped to kiss the sweet fair face; but with great prudence she held her hand to lips, and I kissed the white fingers instead.

I went from her bearing in my heart the memory of the happiest love with which a man was blest.

CHAPTER X.

IT was a lovely morning—the first of June—and I stood on the lawn at Egremont, taking my last look at the beautiful old house I had prepared for the reception of my wife who was to be.

Egremont on a June morning was a place to look at with eyes of love and wonder.

It was early yet, and the smoke had not begun to curl upward from the cottages in the hamlet.

The sun lay shining on the grass, on the flowers, on the hedges.

The blue sky had no cloud. The birds were singing such a morning hymn as they sing only in early summer.

The laburnums, still in flower, gleamed like flame through the green foliage. The red and white hawthorns shone bright in the sweet, morning light.

The tall towers and turrets of Egremont peeped from between the trees, the gardens were in perfection.

For one thing I knew that my darling would love Egremont; it lay in the deep green heart of the land, far from the sound of the restless sea.

As I stood looking at it on this fair June day, I thanked Heaven for it heartily, as I had never done before.

The green woods, where the winds made sweet music, stretched out far and wide—the purple hills where the light of the sun lay low were to the east.

There were corn-fields rich with promise of golden grain, clover meadows where the cattle fed.

There was a beautiful undulating park where the deer browsed.

Such a home!

My heart grew light and glad as I gazed on it; it was mine to share with my darling, who would crown it with her presence.

The interior had been redecorated, and ornamented, with all that taste could suggest or money provide.

For one room—my wife's boudoir—I had chosen everything myself; and before leaving the house I went to take a last look at it picturing to myself, as my heart grew warm within me, how soon Laurie's golden head and fair face would be there.

For we were to be married in a few days, and that morning I was starting for St. Roma's to escort my wife and her father to Doon Court.

Lady Meretoun had behaved most kindly. I had told her all the story of my love for Laurie Stuart, and while she did not disguise from me that it was, in worldly parlance, "a wretched match," she sympathized with me.

"A captain's widow, Gordon! You might do so much better."

"But, if I love her, aunt, as I shall never love any other woman—if she be the one chosen love of my life—what then? Surely I may marry for love? I have everything else."

"Certainly," said Lady Meretoun. "You know that I am a great advocate for love-marriages. I only wish for your own sake that the lady occupied a higher position in life."

"I am content," was my reply.

Lady Meretoun said no more.

She seemed then to try to be all kindness so that I should retain no disagreeable remembrance of her words.

Amongst other things, she insisted that our wedding should take place at Doon Court—her home.

I intended having a quiet wedding at the little church of St. Roma's, but she would not hear of it.

My aunt behaved generously.

Having made up her mind that the marriage must be, she did not know how to show her affection sufficiently for Laurie. She insisted on presenting her with a *trousseau* and on inviting six of her young friends to be her bridemaids.

"She will be frightened to death at all the grandeur, aunt," I said. But Lady Meretoun shook her head wisely.

"A woman soon accustoms herself to that kind of thing, Gordon."

"But Laurie is not a woman—she is only a girl."

"Then she will accustom herself to it all the more quickly," said my aunt.

On the first of June I started to bring my darling home—we were to reach Doon on the second, the third of the month was to be a day of rest and preparation, the fourth our wedding-day.

That evening, for the first time, I heard the true story of Laurie Stuart's brief married life; and I can only describe it as a record of brutality.

It seemed to me, in thinking it over, that the captain must have fallen passionately in love at first sight of the lovely innocent young face of Laurie Stuart; that he married her thinking only of himself, without caring about her feelings; that after marriage, finding she was but a timed, nervous child, afraid of himself, of the sea, of everything connected with it, his love changed to a jealous, passionate kind of hatred, curiously mingled with fitful gleams of affection.

I never knew until that evening what my delicate sensitive darling had endured at his hands.

We agreed that it should never be mentioned again between us—that the cruelty, the blows, the unhappiness, should be buried with him.

"You had the darkness first, Laurie," I said; "you shall have the light now. Try to think you are marrying your first love. I am your first love, darling, am I not?"

She murmured "Yes," and I did what I perhaps should not have done—I drew the ill-omened wedding-ring from her finger.

"You shall not wear this any longer, Laurie," I said; "it only reminds you of that which I want you to forget."

I felt very much inclined to break the ring and trample it under my feet but I thought perhaps that would hurt her; so I placed it in my pocket-book. She watched me the while.

Old Mr. Stuart welcomed me with great formality; it was with difficulty he realized that his daughter, whose young life had once been bartered by him, was about to be married again.

Mrs. Stuart said little; she only stipulated that the marriage should not disturb her.

"Lady Clanalpen of Egremont," I overheard Mr. Stuart saying to Laurie—"a very nice title, my dear, and one that you will do credit to."

He was in high spirits when we started—very particular about his appearance, I noticed—evidently considering that he would be an object of much attention.

For Laurie's sake I tried to like him, but I never could quite forget how he had bartered his daughter's happiness for his own freedom.

I remained that night at St. Roma's, and the next morning we started for Doon.

"You will not like Doon so well as Egremont," I said to Laurie, "because it is near the sea."

She turned pale at the sound of the very word.

"The sea," she cried—"the cruel treacherous sea! Oh, Gordon, I never wish to see it again!"

"You never shall darling," I assured her. "We will live happy at home."

She told me, standing with her white fingers interlaced, how curious it would seem have a home of her own.

She could not realize it—a home where she would be mistress and queen, a home where her wishes would be law and the rule one of love.

My heart grew warm and my eyes grew dim as I thought how happy she would be in that home, and how it would be her resting place for life.

We reached Doon Court in the warm sunny afternoon.

I had never doubted Lady Meretoun's kindness, but her reception of Laurie Stuart was something I shall never forget.

She looked at the beautiful girlish figure, the lovely delicate face, the golden head, and the white soft hands, and then, kissing her affectionately, she said——

"My dear, I did wonder at Sir Gordon's choice, but now I understand all."

Laurie could not have had a warmer welcome.

The fair young bridemaids were eager to render her all loving service. Nor was Mr. Stuart forgotten.

I have omitted to state that at Laurie's express desire Mrs Vann had been invited, and she from the first devoted herself to Laurie's father.

"Gordon," said my aunt the first time we were together alone, "you have excellent taste.

"This Laurie Stuart of yours is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen in my life; the only thing that I cannot imagine is how she became the wife of a sea-captain—she is so delicate and sensitive.

"She will be the loveliest Lady Clanalpen we have had yet, and, strange to say, I have fallen so much in love with her name that it seems to me really almost sad to change it. I think I shall always call her Laurie Stuart."

Laughingly I told her that I had felt the same—that even when she was Mrs. Hardross to all the world she was Laurie Stuart to me.

I did not see much of her that evening; she was in close conference with Lady Meretoun.

But she did steal up to me when the evening was ended, a flush on her fair face, a soft light in her dark eyes, as she whispered——

"Oh, Gordon, I am so ashamed! Lady Meretoun has given me more beautiful things than I have ever seen in my life before."

"There is nothing in the whole wide world so beautiful as yourself," I cried, as she hastened away—my darling, who was always so unwilling to hear herself praised.

* * * * * * *

"My wedding-day to-morrow!"

The sun beams peeping through the rose-clad window, the flowers laughing in the sunlight, the birds singing in the trees, all seemed to utter the same words—

"My wedding-day to-morrow."

I hardly remember how the third of June passed.

It was a dream of fair faces, glad voices, a profusion of flowers, laughter, music, the smile of fair young girls, and the love that lay in the eyes of my darling—a dim beautiful dream.

White hands clasped my own, and sweet voices said—

"She is so lovely, Sir Gordon, so good, so sweet."

I remember that the blue sky was without a cloud, that the sun shone more brightly than it had ever seemed to shine before, that every laughing blossom had a message for me; and I remember too that the beautiful face of my darling was always turned with shy sweet coyness from me.

We all met at dinner. Then for the first time I saw what a beautiful woman Laurie was.

I saw her for the first time in evening dress—Lady Meretoun had taken an especial pride in arranging it—a dress of white silk that showed a fair neck and shoulders that a sculptor might have tried in vain to copy, round beautiful white arms, the envy and admiration of all the other women.

She gave a half-shy, half conscious glance toward me, as though she would have said—

"I really cannot help looking nice, Gordon; some one else must have the credit for it."

She wore the suite of diamonds that I had given her, a superb necklace round her white graceful throat, a cross on her white breast, a bracelet on her arm, and earrings in her pretty shell-like ears.

The golden hair was dressed as I liked best to see it—in beautiful natural waves, a diamond arrow fastening the loose shining tresses, I remember that during dinner Mr. Stuart looked immensely proud and flattered, that every one talked and laughed; but I saw nothing except the shining white figure, the lovely drooping face, and the sheen of jewels in Laurie's golden hair.

"Laurie," I cried to her in despair at last—it was two hours after dinner, and I had not spoken one word to her—her bride-

maids had been monopolizing her—"come out with me, it only for ten minutes; the dew is falling and the moon rising."

Lady Meretoun looked as though she felt sorry for me.

"Go, Laurie," she said; "Gordon has hardly seen you to-day."

A few minutes later we stood out in the dewy fragrant twilight; and then, when I had her there all to myself the power of speech seemed to leave me, I was so entirely, completely happy.

We stood still where a great bed of white lilies gleamed palely in the evening light; she bent down and then hid her face in one of the lovely blooms. Then speech came to me; but I could only say——

"How I love you, my darling—how I love you! And to-morrow will be our wedding-day."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fifteen Years.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

ON a raw, cold afternoon in December, about the year 1859, I was passing down a street in one of our northern cities, when I noticed a very ragged and dirty little boy running with all his might and trying to evade the grasp of an officer by whom he was hotly pursued.

In his wild haste his steps were directed towards the place where I was standing.

Just as he came opposite me his foot stumbled, and he was thrown with some force upon the pavement.

Fearing that the little fellow might have been badly injured by his sudden fall, I moved towards him, and, taking him by the arm, lifted him from his prostrate position.

As I did so, his face was for an instant turned towards me, and though I had seen hundreds of little vagabonds, and had traced upon their countenances the self-same story of recklessnesses and sin, I was immediately struck with the peculiar expression of hopelessness and misery portrayed upon the countenance of the boy before me.

Instantly the thought occurred to me that the present condition of this boy was induced, not through his choice of life, but through the course of life, but through the course of life which, from some mysterious cause, he had been forced to lead.

In a moment my heart rose in pity, and involuntarily I exclaimed, "poor boy!" Quick as thought his large, lustrous black eyes were turned full upon my face, as though they would read there the very secrets of my soul.

I was just going to ask him some questions, when the officer came up, and roughly grasping his arm, dragged him away.

In a moment I looked upon him, feeling still the strange power of those eyes as they continued to be turned towards me, until the turning of a corner hid me from his sight.

About twelve months ago, at one of the principal London hotels, in a room where were several other visitors, I was busily engaged in reading a daily paper.

All at once a gentleman who had been sitting at the opposite side of the room, apparently reading, arose, and, coming down the room, seated himself beside me, and, for a few moments, gazed steadily into my face without uttering a word.

At length he spoke, and asked me if I knew him.

"Know you?" said I, a little surprised at his manner.

"How should I know one whom, perchance, I have never met before?"

"But, sir, you have met me before. It is nothing strange, however, that you should not know me, since I was then but a boy—a vagabond, ragged and dirty, fleeing from the officers of justice who were upon my track."

After expressing surprise at this strange meeting, I asked him how it was that he was able to recognize me after the lapse of so many years.

"Ah, sir!" was his reply, "it is beyond my power to forget one who did so much for me as you, when, instead of kicking me as a dog from under your feet, with a feeling of pity depicted on your countenance, you lifted me up and spoke one kind word the first kind word I had heard spoken for many a long month.

"Oh, sir! if you only at that time could have known what a deed of love and Christianity you did to a poor, down-trodden fellow-being, when you uttered those words, so full of pity, 'poor boy!' I am sure if that was the only deed of kindness you ever did it would be sufficient to make you happy."

He then told me his story.

"My parents," he said, "were very poor.

"My father was obliged to labor very hard, early and late, to support a large family.

"But his labor was crowned with love, and, in spite of the lines of care and toil which I could see grow deeper and more abundant upon the pale face day after day, he was always cheerful and apparently happy when surrounded by his little children and gentle, loving wife.

"The bands of love which bound the members of our family to each other were strong and inseparable.

"In our various childish sports hardly ever was a harsh word spoken to mar the general flow of mirth and happiness.

"One day father came home from his labor, looking more pale and tired than usual, and, instead of playing with us as was his usual custom, he silently impressed a kiss on each little dimpled cheek held up for its accustomed greeting, and then passed to his own room, and we saw him no more that day.

"And, indeed, never again did he come forth to greet us, but, in a few days, his lifeless form was carried to its final resting-place.

"Heavily fell the blow upon our little band.

"And, in a few more weeks, our mother, too, lay 'neath the turf, by the side of him she loved.

"Now, alas! the great crisis came. Our little band was separated, and I went to live with an uncle, with whom I had not resided long when his harsh and bitter treatment of me forced me to run away, preferring rather the life a beggar than to endure the torture which so many unkind words forced me to suffer.

"How vastly different from anything I had ever dared to dream or think of, until dire necessity drove me to it, was now the life I entered upon.

"I tried to beg from door to door, but I was only answered by curses and kicks, which to my sensitive nature seemed harder to be borne than any accusation of villainy, or even death itself.

"My heart revolted at the source of life which was now the only alternative I could see whereby I should keep from starving.

"But the bitter hatred with which I had learned to regard the whole human family compelled me to it, and I became a confirmed thief and vagabond.

"How much farther in the pathway of ruin—how much deeper in iniquity I might have been carried I know not, had it not been for that providential meeting with you, and that kind word of pity, which I saw in your benevolent countenance was the prompting of a heart which felt for the miseries of humanity.

"Sir, you behold before you now that person whom one kind word drew from the pit of crime and misery, and saved, I trust, from the curse of everlasting ruin and death!"

Retribution.

BY F. R. NELSON.

THE blue September mist hung like a transparent veil over the chain of distant hill-tops.

All day long the winds piped their mellow notes in the woods, and flowers, sprinkled all along the fields, spoke of autumn time.

Minnie Towers leant idly over the gate, her fair head almost over-topped by imperial dahlias, whose coronal of tinted velvet swayed majestically in the evening breeze.

She was a round, dimpled little thing, with eyes shadowed like the hazel-nuts ripening in a thousand hollows, and lips that might have been carved in dewy cornelian, so perfect were they in their scarlet freshness.

"Only five o'clock," said Minnie to herself, "and the post will not be in for an hour yet.

"I wonder if it will bring me a letter from Charley?

"The careless fellow! to think of my not having heard from him for four whole weeks!"

No wonder the poor little thing started so nervously, when there was a rustle and a step close behind her.

But it was only a tall, gaunt, gipsy-like woman, worn and emaciated to a degree that made her large black eyes seem supernaturally brilliant.

"I didn't mean to frighten you, lady, but you never heard me till I was very close to you.

"Would you please to give me a night's food and shelter? My little one is ill—see!"

And she turned back the corner of a tattered shawl, disclosing the ghastly face of something so pinched and shrunken, that Minnie could scarcely believe it to be a child.

She recoiled instinctively.

"We have nothing for you, my good woman.

"Why do you not go to the town, where there is a workhouse?"

"How far is it?" said the woman very wearily.

"Three miles only!"

The woman turned away, with a sort of sobbing sigh, and walked silently down the road.

For an instant, Minnie felt inclined to call her back, but the next thought was—"I cannot be troubled! It is nothing to me?"

* * * * * *

The village post-office was only about a mile distant from Towers' Farm—Minnie had walked it many a time—and as she tied on her sun-bonnet and adjusted her glossy ringlets, there was a bright color in her cheek, for perhaps she should bring back a letter from Charley Frampton, her soldier-lover!

"I won't be long gone, mamma!" she said tripping down the path, where the fragrant dews of evening were already beginning to distil, and the purple twilight made a dreamlike indistinctness.

Along the still country road, under the leafy arms of whispering woods she passed watching the evening star burning in the horizon, and wondering the while whether her dear Charley's letter was waiting for her.

What was that crouched-up heap beside the mossy pile of stones on the roadside?

Minnie Towers' heart stood still, with undefined apprehension for one moment—the next, she boldly advanced, and laid her hands on the shoulders of a bowed woman.

"What is the matter?—and why do you sob so violently."

The woman started up with dilated eyes and rigid lips, and Minnie recognized the wan creature who had accosted her, two hours ago, at the garden gate.

"Why? See there!"

She pointed downward, to something that lay, still wrapped in the tattered shawl, among the withered leaves at her feet.

"Dead, dead!" she moaned. "And it was all I had in the world!"

"I am sorry!" stammered Minnie, shocked and pale; "but——"

"Sorry? What is your sorrow to me? You refused us food or shelter—you turned us from your door like dogs—and now ——"

She paused, and, suddenly lifting up one lean arm towards the sky, said, solemnly, "Heaven will see us avenged!

"You are young, child, and, like enough, don't know what sorrow means.

"But the hour will surely come when you will reap the harvest you have sown this night!

"The judgment may be long in coming, but it will fall on you!"

She took up her dead, and strode rapidly away, leaving Minnie overwhelmed with vague horror and remorse.

* * * * *

"A letter, mamma!" exclaimed Minnie with sparkling eyes, as, coming from the post-office, she entered the room where Mrs. Towers sat knitting stockens beside a shaded lamp.

"Read it aloud, Minnie—what does he say?" said the mother, for Minnie had broken the seal, and was glancing down the page.

"Child!—what's the matter?" she added, starting up in dismay, as the letter fell to the floor, and a strange pallor overspread Minnie's face.

"Dead upon the battle-field—shot through the heart!"

Those were the only words she saw.

It was all in vain that the kind comrade who had held Charles Frampton's head upon his knee at the moment when life passed into eternity, had tried to word the tidings gently.

The poor girl only read that Charles Frampton was shot through the heart, and left, dead, upon the field at Tel-el-Kebir!

And at the same instant she remembered the little corpse, lying white in the starlight, among the withered leaves, and the word woman's awful denunciation—and then a merciful insensibility came to her relief!

The judgment had indeed fallen upon her—the childless mother was avenged!

MATTERS MATRIMONIAL.—Our young women are cautioned against marrying dissipated young men; but with equal, if not greater propriety, may not young men be cautioned against marrying idle and extravagant young women?—for a great many unhappy marriages are the result of the latter as well as of the former.

Foolish mothers think they act affectionately by indulging their daughters in their fondness for the giddy pleasures of life, and allowing them to contract habits of indolence, not dreaming that they are thereby unfitted for the stern realities of life which must surely await them.

Let them marry wealth or poverty, they will be unable to support either condition.

Let them remain single, and life will become more and more burdensome as it advances.

But once married wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with the household responsibilities "as your mother did."

She is doing her best, and no woman can endure that best to be slighted.

Remember the long, weary nights she sat up with the little babe that died.

Remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had that long fit of illness.

Do you think she is made of cast iron?

Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes—the old light of the old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late and weary, and "out of sorts."

He has worked hard for you all day—perhaps far into the night.

He has wrestled hand in hand with care, selfishness, and greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making.

Let home be another atmosphere entirely.

Let him feel that there is no other place in the world where he can find the peace, the quiet, and perfect love of life.

And what a wavering thing is the stream of life. How it sparkles and glitters.

How it bounds along its pebbly bed; sometime in shade; sometimes sporting round all things, as if its essence were merriment and brightness: sometimes flowing solemnly on, as if it were derived from Lethe itself.

Now it runs like a liquid diamond along the meadow.

Now it plunges in fume and fury over the rock.

Now it is heavy and turbid with the varying streams of thought and memory that are flowing into it, each bringing its store of dulness and pollution as it tends towards the end.

Its voice, too, varies as it goes.

Now it sings lightly as it dances on.

Now it roars amidst the obstacles that oppose its way, and now it has no tone but the dull, low murmur of exhausted energy.

Bric-a-Brac.

AGE.—An old Celtic rhyme put into modern English says: Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse; thrice the age of a horse is that of a man; thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle.

TASTE AND SMELL.—A writer in the Cornhill Magazine says of Harriet Martineau, the authoress, that "she had no sense of taste whatever. 'Once,' she told me with a smile, when I was expressing my pity for this deprivation of hers; 'I tasted a leg of mutton, and it was delicious' The sense of smell was also denied her, as it was Wordsworth. In his case it was vouchsafed to him upon one occasion only. 'He once smelled a bean-field and thought it heaven.'"

CHANGEABLE.—The climate of Melbourne, Australia, is one of the most changeable in the world, and it is said to be no uncommon thing to see mornings of bright, hot sunshine, with a scorching wind, change within a few hours to afternoons of a biting cold, when the strongest are thankful for ulsters or sealskin jackets. On the hottest days people may be seen carrying heavy coats or rugs in anticipation of the sudden change of weather that may occur.

HOW NEWS GROWS.—Near one o'clock today, says a New York paper, a report reached this office that a man had been crushed to death in the printing press of a neighboring newspaper. An investigation of the story traced its source to the fact that a man had slipped off the curb in the neighborhood, and sprained his ankle. While waiting for an ambulance he was taken into the office of the paper, and the usual crowd magnified the story until they had the man run the press.

AN INVITATION.—Anxious in some way to repay a very clever young clergyman for a flattering dedication, Archbishop Herring told him to drop in at Lambeth Palace whenever he was so inclined, incautiously adding that the oftener he saw him the more he should be obliged to him. Taking lodging in the neighborhood, shrewd Mr. Faukes contrived to "drop in" at the Palace every day at dinner-time, until the Archbishop was driven to something more than hinting that he had had enough of his company; but his unwelcome guest would not understand, and to rid himself of the infliction he gave him the choice of a couple of good livings, and Mr. Faukes found himself well rewarded for ignoring the common saying that a general invitation is no invitation at all.

INSANITIES OF THE SANE.—There are few, we believe, if any, who have not suffered, at one time or other of their existence from the eccentricities of kind friends or relations; can we not all remember some period when we have been martyrs to a "fad" or victims to a "caprice"? Sometimes, happily, they are of a nature to only inconvenience the individual who indulges in them, and amuse exceedingly the other members of the household. In this category may be placed my recollection of a gallant son of Mars—a fine strong man to boot—who could never be induced to sleep in the same room with his tooth-brush! Before extinguishing his candle he put that very useful article outside his room on a chair or a shelf until the following morning when it was restored to its legitimate quarters by the servant who called him. The habit was contracted in childhood, but the origin of it was never rightly ascertained.

DOWN ON ALL-FOURS.—A Western lecturer has just been raising a storm in the States by asserting that if man walked on all-fours he would really be much healthier than he is now. Man, contends this genius, is provided in his main arteries with a number of valves, which diminish the pressure of blood if he assumes an horizontal, instead of a perpendicular position. This horizontal position, argues the lecturer, was once his naturally, when man's prehistoric monkey-grandfather's played skittles with cocoanuts, and held noisy chatter-box parliament in the leaves of the palms which covered the old world with tropical verdure. So little time has elapsed since then, comparatively speaking, argues the scientist, that we haven't been able to cultivate any new "valves," and therefore we get headaches, and a whole assortment of other ills. "Prodigious!" as Dominie Sampson would say,—"prodigious!"

MAKING LIFE EASY.—If there be any one lesson the world teaches people, it is the one great lesson of adapting one's self to circumstances. A sole, for instance, is born much as other fishes are. It swims as other fishes do, with the top part of the body uppermost, and the lower part below. But in time it alters its position. The two sides are not evenly balanced, and so in the course of growth it takes to swimming laterally or to one side. At the outset its eyes are placed, as all eyes are, right and left of the nose of the fish; but when the change of locomotion takes place, it is evident that the underneath optic is no good at all. Here nature steps in, and the non-used eye commences to bore a hole through the head of the sole, and arrives in due course at the side of the fish's body which the sole henceforth intends to keep uppermost. If we could only adapt ourselves so quickly and so successfully to circumstances we should be far happier and far easier in our minds than is to-day the case with ninety-nine people out of a hundred.

MY OWN AGAIN.

BY. W. M. A.

I love thee, my darling, I love thee,
Or whether at home or away:
The sun it shines sweetly above me
Wherever my footsteps stray;
The wavelets glance gaily before me,
The flow'rs deck the way with their sheen,
But the dark cloak of absence is o'er me,
And casts its dull shadow between.

I miss now thy arm's gentle pressing,
I miss thy loved voice at my side,
And, lonely, my heart is confessing,
As I gaze o'er the rippling tide,
That the light of soul hath departed,
How'er bright the landscape may be,
My own wife darling true-hearted,
When thou art no longer with me.

I love thee, my darling, I love thee,
Though lonely my footsteps stray:
That sun shineth sweetly above me
And throws its light over my way.
Gleaming softly and brightly around me
And soothing my heart's longing pain;
Until again, darling, I've found thee,
And thou art my own again!

LADY LINTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.—[CONTINUED.]

"THEN, dear I, saw how wrong that would be," she said, "and that we had something more to consider than our own feelings."

He turned to her with an exclamation of inquiry.

"We have to think of the future," she continued—"of our little one."

"Good Heaven!" he murmured, in an undertone.

"I knew you had not thought of that as I have.

"It is natural I should think of it a great deal.

"What should I do, dear, if we were apart—for you would not take my child from me, would you?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"And how terrible it would be for you to have a child and yet be a stranger to it! Think of that."

"I am thinking how terrible it would be for you."

"And for him—if a son is born to us. How should I answer his first questions?

"I could not tell a lie to him, and I—oh, I could not tell him the truth!

"And people would pity him, and he must think that some great wrong had been done to separate us. And how could I——

"I could never mention your name to him, never teach to love and honor you; scarcely could I dare to tell him what honor and truth are with the shadow of dishonor and infidelity hanging over me. And so I came to see that we could not part.

"And that will not be so hard as it seems at first sight, for in our hearts we love each other still. You do not love that—that ——"

"Love her!" he cried, with a contemptuous laugh.

"If you have done wrong, it is from want of thought.

"I can make allowances for men who are tempted.

"She has told me what to expect, and, though I would not think it of you, I—I think I can forgive, and grow more like a woman of the world.

"I think I could do anything for the sake of our child, Gilbert."

"It will be strange if I can't do something also," he said.

"It won't do to part—that's impossible—more impossible than ever.

"Thank Heaven, you've a strong heart, Gertie—the strongest and best in this world, I do believe!

"Come, dear—we've had our talk out, and you'll have need yet of all your strength; so get to bed again and sleep, if you can, to meet to-morrow's struggle bravely.

"I'll go and get a breath of fresh air outside as soon as I see you in a fair way to fall asleep."

Gertie obeyed.

And, when she had slipped into bed, he arranged her pillow, drew the curtains so that the morning light should not wake her, and, bending down kissed her twice, saying, in his tenderest, gentlest manner—

"A little patience, sweetheart!"

She held his face to hers and would have spoken, but that wonder and pity took away the power, for she found that his cheek was wet.

She had never seen tears on an Englishman's face—never thought that a man so great and strong as Gilbert could give way to grief like a weak woman.

And, oh, the joy that was mingled with her compassion and wonder to find that he grieved!

Even if he had shown signs of guilt and made her believe that he had done wrong, she must have forgiven him and loved him more than ever, finding him in sorrow.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GERTIE did not fall asleep for a long while after husband had left her.

Her thoughts were too distinct to permit of drowsiness.

As the excitement passed away and her mind grew more tranquil, she obtained a clearer perception of her position and of the difficulties which faced her.

She had settled as a necessary condition of her staying with her husband that he should send Miss Drummond out of the house.

But he had not mentioned a word of her going.

He had accepted the fact that his wife could not leave, but he had given her the very vaguest encouragement to think that her existence would be made more endurable.

He had even hinted that what had occurred might occur again.

Could she endure that?

She had talked of becoming a woman of the world, and of the necessity of palliating the society-faults of a husband.

She had spoken of these things in a moment of hopefulness, as one talks bravely of fighting against odds when there is no sign of a battle.

Calm reflection however brought her one cold comfort, and that was that her jealousy had made her wrongly suspicious.

Gilbert had not been unfaithful to her.

Nothing but the recklessness of a man perfectly vile or perfectly mad could account for an intrigue being carried out with such an utter disregard of discovery. Gilbert was neither vile nor mad.

Again, could any man, after the discovery of his iniquity, have behaved as Gilbert behaved?

Certainly not.

She did not know exactly how guilty persons would act, but she felt quite confident that they would not act in that way.

He had not refuted the implied charge against him because the charge was contemptible, or because a denial of that would have involved a disclosure of something else which he did not wish to make.

It was no secret that something was concealed from her.

While she was happy she had been content to leave the mystery unsolved.

Her faith in Gilbert was so complete that she had not questioned for a moment the wisdom and justice of his reticence. It was manly, in her opinion, to be silent on a subject which he deemed not fit for her to know.

Only women betray their secrets.

But now that she was no longer happy, and that her faith had received a rude shock, she began to consider what the secret was which ranked before her peace and happiness.

And, though she imagined many wild and improbable things, she never once thought that her husband and Miss Drummond shared the guilt of Lady Linton's murder between them.

Gilbert had not yet sunk low enough in her esteem for that.

It was not until her mind was confused with conflicting conjectures, and the sound of the servants moving about the house fell upon her ears, that she fell asleep.

When Pierce came at the regular hour and tapped at her door, she awoke, with a confused remembrance of the night's events, a sense of weariness, and a desire to sleep again and forget.

Her heart sickened at the thought of meeting Miss Drummond, and for a moment she thought of escaping the ordeal by pleading indisposition.

She was stung by the reflection that the woman would suspect what had happened and would exult in her prostration.

She was painfully conscious that she had been unjust to her husband.

And, remembering his grief, she accused herself of being a trouble rather than a comfort to him.

Then she hurried through her toilette, that she might go down to him and make atonement as best she could.

Leaving her room, she met a chambermaid coming from Miss Drummond's room.

A rank nauseous odor of stale eau-de-Cologne pervaded the corridor.

The maid carried a liqueur-set on a tray in her right hand, and with her left held up the corners of her apron.

Lady Linton stopped, with an inquiring glance.

The maid opened her lap and exposed the fragments of a large flacon, held together in part by the label of Jean Marie Farina, with that complacent smile which servants all the world over wear in presence of an accident.

"You have had an accident, Marie?"

"No, madame. I found the pieces upon the floor in mademoiselle's room."

"Ah, Miss Drummond has left her room?"

This was contrary to Miss Drummond's habit.

Gertie went down, imagining some new evils.

She passed into the library.

Neither Gilbert nor Miss Drummond was there.

On her way to the salon she met Pierce.

"Sir Gilbert is in the salon?" she said inquiringly.

"No, madam; I have not seen Sir Gilbert this morning."

"Miss Drummond?"

"Miss Drummond went out half an hour ago."

Gertie passed through the salon and out under the verandah, trying to think that there was nothing peculiar in the absence of that woman and her husband.

It was a charming morning.

The garden, with the meadow beyond, the forest, and the glimpse of shining river had never looked more beautiful.

Yet she saw nothing there that brightened her spirits or chased away for one moment the gloomy sense of monotony that oppressed her.

The goat with her young in the meadow catching sight of her, ran round in a circle at the end of the tether, bringing herself up with a jerk occasionally, and bleating to be set free as usual.

But Gertie did not seem to hear or see anything.

She turned her back upon the darkest corner of the salon to indulge in morbid reflection.

At another time she would have been concerned only for Gilbert.

His long absence would have filled her heart with endearing solicitude.

She would have gone to the farthest corner of the meadow to look along the road and see if he were in sight.

Now she did nothing of the kind.

She sat and thought of herself, saying again and again that she was unreasonable and wrong, and yet having no power to be reasonable and right.

She had promised him to have patience, she had come to a just conclusion that he was guiltless.

It was the most improbable thing in the world that he had made an appointment to meet Miss Drummond that morning.

All this Gertie knew without feeling any better for the knowledge.

Reason is powerless against an attack of jealousy, as against any other form of madness.

At the first sound of a voice Gertie started from her seat and went out upon the terrace saying to herself that the creature should have no cause to think she was jealous of her.

Contrary to her expectation, Miss Drummond was alone.

But that did not alleviate Gertie's suspicions.

Of course the horrid thing would pretend she had not gone to meet Gilbert, she said to herself.

Miss Drummond was coming down the path from the wood.

She held a piece of meadow-sweet in her hand—she professed to hate wild-flowers.

She was humming an air as she came along, and, with her head tilted a little back she scanned Gertie with impudent assurance through her pincenez.

Gertie tried to look indifferent, her heart beating painfully and an uncontrollable quivering in her lips.

A very simple student of character would have detected her agitation.

"Baby not quite well this morning?" asked Miss Drummond, with mocking sympathy, as she drew near.

"You should try the effect of early rising and fresh air.

"I had no idea they could be so pleasant.

"Had a quite charming ramble—all alone—over the hills there.

"What's the name of this charming little flower?

"It reminds me of some hot-house thing I have seen somewhere."

"It is spiræa, and it generally grows beside the river."

"Odd I should have found it on the hill then, isn't it? Bertie down yet?"

Gertrude wished to say something scathing with regard to the sprig of spiræa.

But, for people not naturally ill-tempered, it is the most difficult thing possible to be cleverly sarcastic at a moment's notice.

And she failed dismally in the attempt.

Her words got mixed.

She stuttered painfully.

Miss Drummond assisted her.

"I know what you would say, Baby," she said, tapping her playfully with her spray, and smiling with as much good humor as the unpleasant lines of her lips permitted.

"You would say that the only thing odd about my finding it on a hill is that I found it without assistance.

"Naughty—very naughty indeed!"

And, with a final tap, she passed into the salon, her retrousse nose in the air, and her full pendulous lips parted and drawn back at the angles in the nearest resemblance to an expression of amiability she could command.

A minute later Gilbert entered the meadow by the wicket opening upon the road by the river.

Of course he came that way.

But it was rather indiscreet to arrive so speedily after Miss Drummond, thought Gertie.

Then she said to herself that she would not go to meet him, but stay where she stood, and greet him with the cold formality of a self-possessed woman of the world—such a woman as he was making her, and as she must become in time.

She would not even move from the trellis that concealed her from him.

That would show how indifferent she felt.

He came along the path with his face to her.

He saw a part of her skirt, and knew she was there.

He took fully a dozen paces from the wicket, the skirt not moving, and then—she stepped from the terrace, and sped swiftly across the lawn, and, with distraction in her face and gesture, threw herself into his arms.

There was an aperture in the hedge, with a seat that commanded a view of the river.

In there one was screened from observation.

He led her to it and made her sit down by his side, for he saw Miss Drummond standing under the verandah by the entrance to the salon.

"Oh, you mustn't kiss me, you mustn't hold me," she murmured, with her face against his breast; "I don't deserve it!

"I am a wicked girl, dear, wicked and cruel.

"I saw you the moment you came in by the gate.

"I wouldn't come to you, and I tried to harden my heart and think the hardest, cruellest things I could of you.

"And then I saw your dear face looking so tired and care-worn, and I couldn't be hard any longer, and I was compelled to give in.

"It wasn't from any generous motive, only just because I couldn't help it. Oh, you don't know how unjust and selfish I have been, not once thinking of what you have to bear, but only of my own troubles! And I felt quite willing to give you pain."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because she went out to meet you, and came back with a piece of meadow-sweet in her hand, and tried to make me believe that you had given it to her.

"And I believed her and my own evil suspicions, rather than put faith in you. Yet somehow, underneath all, I knew that I was wrong, and that she was misleading me intentionally, and I knew that she had not met you, and that you do not love her at all."

He answered her with a troubled laugh.

It was the only denial he gave to her suspicions; but for the time it was quite enough.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FOR two days Gertie was proof against the insidious attacks of her enemy; and, with all a bad woman's subtle cunning, Miss Drummond endeavored to shake her faith in Gilbert and provoke her jealousy.

When he was reading, she looked over his shoulder, resting her hands on the back of his chair, and bringing her face so near his that her hair touched his.

A flower he brought in with the intention of giving to his wife she stole and hid in her bosom.

She begged him to pass things, and needlessly touched his hand.

She fixed her eyes upon him, and dropped hers in confusion when she succeeded in attracting his attention.

She found pretexts to follow him wherever he went.

She unfolded and read mysterious scraps of paper covered with a bold handwriting that looked like his.

She pretended, when Gertie entered the room, to be taken by surprise, controlling a smile, throwing a fan up before her face, stifling an exclamation, removing herself hastily from Gilbert—and all this in a covert manner which might lead Gertie to suppose that she had found out by her own shrewd observation that which was intended to be seen by her.

Gertie had Gilbert's support.

He would not leave her.

A word or a look from him undid all the mischief made by Miss Drummond.

He redoubled his attentions, and lost no chance of giving his wife a proof of his love.

Gertie felt ashamed, seeing the motive which underlay his constant care.

But Gilbert knew that the heart which had once yielded to jealousy was not safe from another seizure, and his anxiety gave him no rest.

Gertie insisted upon her husband's going for a walk.

And he, after half an hour's reflection, went.

An hour afterwards Miss Drummond appeared with her thumb and finger on her brow.

She really thought she must go and have some advice about her head, which was quite too troublesome.

And, if Gertie had no use for the phæton——

Gertie, only too glad to get her out of the house, was most happy to lend her the phæton, and found the cards of several doctors which had been left soon after their arrival.

While the carriage was being prepared, Miss Drummond decided to write a little note that she wished to post at Fontainebleau, and went into the library for that purpose.

At three o'clock she left the house.

At half-past four Gertie heard wheels on the drive.

A little later Pierce entered to learn at what hour madam would dine.

"That will depend on Sir Gilbert's return.

"Come to me in an hour. That was the phæton I heard, with Miss Drummond, I suppose?"

"The phæton, madam, but not Miss Drummond."

Gertie ceased stitching, and raised her head in surprise.

"Without Miss Drummond!" she exclaimed.

"Has Louis brought any message for me?"

"No, madam. I considered it my duty to ask him if he had a message for madam.

"He replied that Miss Drummond had given him a note for Sir Gilbert, which he delivered, having overtaken him on his return from the station."

"The station! I understood that—— Miss Drummond did not go on to the town?"

"No, madam. Has madam any further requirements?"

"You can go."

Gertie mused for a few minutes, and then returned to her work, stitching thoughtfully.

At six o'clock Pierce brought a telegram to her.

She hastily took the slip of blue paper from the envelope and read—

"From M. Gilbert Linton, Melun.—I may be unable to leave here until to-morrow.

"If I can return before, I shall. In either case be sure that my stay is unavoidable."

"There is no return message," said Gertie brightly.

She had determined to give her husband a convincing proof of her trust in him, and she bravely faced the possibility of Miss Drummond being at Melun with him.

It might be a matter of business—perhaps something to do with the house Miss Drummond was seeking.

At any rate, she would not let accidental discovery that Miss Drummond had gone to the station, and after stating her intention of going to the town, weigh upon her mind any more than the fact that Gilbert had received a letter from her before going to Melun.

She dined alone.

It was infinitely pleasanter than dining with Miss Drummond—Gilbert being unavoidably detained at Melun—would have been.

She dispensed with nothing because of her being alone, and sipped her coffee under the verandah as if Gilbert had been there.

Then, in bethinking herself how she might pass the evening pleasantly, she resolved to write a long letter to granny.

She had the reading-lamp lit and taken into the library.

Then she shut herself in, and, sitting down at the table opened the buvard which Gilbert had bought in Paris for her.

Some one had been writing in it.

There, on the white blotting-paper, was the copy of a great irregular scrawl done with a quill-pen.

It was not Gilbert's writing.

It was certainly not her own.

Suddenly she remembered that Miss Drummond had written a note before going out.

Ah, it was sacrilege for that creature to use the present which Gilbert had given her!

She tore the page out of it without hesitating a moment, and crushed it in her hand.

Suddenly she stopped, as if spell-bound.

In crumpling the paper she exposed the back of it.

The heavy writing had stained through the flimsy substance.

One word caught her eye.

She stood for a moment motionless with the paper in her hand and the one word before her eyes.

Then she yielded to the temptation, unfolded the paper, and read—

"Thanks—a thousand times thanks for your dear note. How kind of Baby! I shall be there of course. But why Melun? Why not—— But I must have patience.

"Ever

"Your Own."

* * * * *

Gilbert came home after midnight. He saw through the persienne light in the library.

Gertie opened the door to him.

There was no light in the vestibule.

She looked like a spectre against the dark background.

Her hand was damp and cold.

She stood there looking beyond him, as if expecting to find him accompanied by some one.

"No, there is no one there," he said. "I am quite alone. What is the matter, Gertie?"

She led him to the table, and put the sheet of paper in his hand.

He glanced at the paper, then at her, and then again at the paper.

"What is this?" he asked, in a tone of perplexity, having deciphered the blotted words.

"A copy of the letter Louis gave you before you went to Melun, I suppose," she said, speaking with violent agitation.

He took her by the arms and compelled her to sit in the big chair.

"Are any of the servants up?" he asked.

"Really I don't know," she said vacantly.

He touched the bell, and, standing by it for a moment, turned the blotting-paper over, glanced at the open buvard on the table, and understood what had happened.

That model servant Pierce responded promptly.

"Make me some tea and bring it in here," he said.

Then, as Pierce withdrew, he came to Gertie's side, and, half seating himself upon the arm of her chair, rested his elbow on the back of it, and let his hand fall lightly on his wife's head.

At his touch she put her hands up to her face and burst into tears.

He suffered her to weep, almost envying her that relief to an overburdened heart.

His left hand had slid into his coat-pocket.

He felt there the letter that Louis had given him.

He remembered its contents word for word.

"I cannot endure this monotony. I am going to Melun. You had better come to take care of me."

Those were the words of which Gertie fancied she had the copy.

Should he put the letter before his wife?

Should he, in short, show her how weak she had been to step so readily into such a very palpable snare as that which this woman had laid for her?

He foresaw pretty clearly what would happen if he did so.

Gertie would be overwhelmed with shame and contrition once more, she would torture herself with reproaches, she would oppose herself to fresh dangers in order to prove her resolution to overcome them, and would inevitably refuse to escape the persecutions of Miss Drummond by flight, as being an ignominious concession to her own weakness.

The only prospect of obtaining peace and happiness lay in flight; he was waiting only for a favorable opportunity.

To delay their flight was simply to expose this devoted, loving, unreasonable little wife to just such another complication.

As these reflections came into his head, he sat looking down with mournful love at Gertie's bowed head, passing his fingers gently over the shining ripples of her hair with pathetic purposelessness.

Gertie ceased to cry as the paroxysm of grief passed away; but her sobs continued, like the sound of drops falling from the trees when the shower is over.

Gilbert rose and went to the door, when his attentive ear caught the approach of Pierce's steps in the vestibule.

He took the tray from her hand, and told her, in a low voice, that he might want her later on.

He poured out a cup of tea, sweetened it, and put it before Gertie; then, as he helped himself, he said:—

"Drink that, Gertie, and when we feel a little more like ourselves we'll talk this thing out reasonably, and have done with it once for all."

Gertie, after giving her poor eyes a final rub, gulped down a little tea, and stole a furtive glance at her husband.

He had gone to the sideboard, and was slowly filling his pipe.

Oh, he could not behave in that manner if he were guilty!

He wasn't heartless.

No man in the world was so sympathetic as he.

Already her mind began to waver, and a dim presentiment that she should presently find herself to blame made itself felt.

Gilbert lit his pipe over the lamp, then turned it down quite low, emptied his cup, and seated himself once more on the arm of Gertie's chair; but now he kept his hands in his pockets.

"Of course, Gertie," he said, in his firm, yet not ungentle tone, "you made up your mind what must follow, before you determined to show me that—that message of Miss Drummond's?"

The admission that it was a message strengthened Gertie in the bitter resolve she had taken.

"I could have no self-respect if I ignored it, Gilbert," she said.

"Of course not."

"And without self-respect I—I couldn't hope to have your respect."

"I suppose that's about what it would come to."

"And I don't think I could live without that," she said with a sob.

Gilbert's pipe trembled between his lips.

He said nothing.

"And—and, feeling that we could not go on in this way," she continued, after a pause, "I thought that the sooner it ended the better it would be for you and me."

"That is true, Gertie."

"But it is such a terrible thing for a husband and wife to part, especially"—she stopped, the words seemed to choke her, and held her lip between her teeth, while her trembling fingers tightened on the hem of his coat, with which they had been toying—"especially," she continued, with an effort—"if they—they have loved as—as we have——"

She broke down in a fluttering sob and a little moan, and her hands were raised again to cover her face.

Gilbert took the pipe from his mouth and slipped it into his pocket, and drew a long silent sigh, looking down, as through a mist, at his grief-stricken, suffering wife.

"That I thought," she pursued, overcoming her weakness with a desperate shake of her head, "for my sake, and for our child's, you would do something to avoid such a—a misfortune, dear."

"What would you wish me to do? I want to know what that something is."

"I think if that woman were away," she faltered, "if you were removed from the constant temptation she sets before you, that everything would come right again, dear—almost."

"Yes."

"And so, if you would—would send her away, Gilbert——"

She stopped and waited for his reply, not daring to look up at him.

"But suppose she won't go; suppose I can't send her away?"

"Then I see no help for it," she said, despairingly; "I must go! But, Gilbert, my husband, can't you send her away?"

She raised her tear-dimmed eyes to his imploringly, and lifted up her hands.

For a moment he hesitated, then, taking her hand, he said:—

"I can't, Gertie. You must go."

She snatched her hand from his with passionate anger, and rose to her feet, looking at him with contempt, her pride lending her strength.

"You prefer that creature to me?" she asked.

"I have never given you cause to think so," he answered.

"Not when you bid me leave my own house, that she may stay?"

"There is a reason for my refusing to send her away which I cannot explain to you."

"Why not? Can you tell me anything more degrading to yourself, more insulting to me, than that which you have calmly told me—that, of us two, that woman must stay, and I must go?"

"I think there is."

He did not wish to carry the explanation farther.

He did not wish to excuse himself.

He was so grateful to think that her pride, which it wrung his heart to wound, would help her to bear up a little longer against her troubles.

It needed but a tender word, a warm look even, to melt her heart.

He had risen from the arm of the chair when she rose, and they had stood face to face.

He turned away, lest she should discover in his face the woe he felt in her unhappiness, the yearning in his heart to take her in his arms and soothe her tortured spirit.

"You have told me I must go," she said, bitterly; "you have only to tell me when!"

He pulled a note-book from his pocket and turned to a list of trains written there.

"There's a train at 2.40," he said.

Then, looking at his watch, he added, "1.30—we could just do it."

"We!" she exclaimed, as he went to the bell.

"You don't think I'm quite such a brute as to send you off in the dead of the night alone, do you, Gertie?" he asked with a solemnity which to any one but those two would have seemed comic.

"Wake Louis at once," he said, addressing Pierce, as she opened the library door. "Tell him the brougham must be at the door in twenty-five minutes, and then come back to me here."

CHAPTER XXIX.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM Mr. Pierce, Dover, to Mrs. Pierce, Fontainebleau—

"Dover, Aug. 3.

"My dear Eliza,—One line to let you know I have succeeded in finding John Barton's friend, if it isn't John Barton himself.

"He's a scary bird; and it takes unlimited Irish to get a word out of him.

"He wishes to know—always on behalf of his friend—what the good thing is.

"Please let me know at once what I'm to do with him.

"We are now off to an adjacent beershop to play a game of bagatelle.

"Yours, in haste, affectionately,

"Jos. Pierce."

From Mrs. Gower, London, to Mrs. Pierce, Fontainebleau—

"Mrs. Gauntly Gower regrets that the visit of Mr. Gower to Sir Gilbert Linton's was not productive of more satisfactory results, and feels justified in stating that recent communications from E. Pierce have been less assuring than formerly.

"Mrs. Gauntly G. is of the opinion that further measures should be taken without delay for bringing the business to a climax, and sees no reason why she herself should not be confronted with Sophia Kirby.

"She remembers her with sufficient distinctness to swear to her identity, and this would at once serve to bring the culprits within the grasp of the law.

"If E. Pierce will so arrange affairs as to permit of Mrs. Gauntly Gower's being introduced privately into Sir G. Linton's house, Mrs. Gauntly G. will undertake the journey without delay. Cheque to follow.

"Gauntly House, Aug. 3, 188—."

From Mrs. E. Pierce, Fontainebleau, to Mr. Pierce, Dover—

"Valvins, Aug. 5.

"Dear Pierce,—I shall in all likelihood be at Dover to-morrow or the day after.

"Stay in Dover. Pretend to be ill and keep in bed; Get J. B. to stay with you.

"Spend what you please upon liquor for that purpose, or ask him to play at cards, and lose.

"If I find him with you when I arrive, it will be all right.

"Things couldn't be going better for you, me and the right party.

"Affectionately,

"E. Pierce.

"P. S.—Do not let J. B. know that you expect to see me."

From the same to Mrs. Gower, London—

"Valvins, Aug. 5.

"Dear Madam,—Your note the 3rd inst. to hand.

"If we had considered your services necessary to the success of our inquiry, we should not have hesitated in soliciting them.

"If, on the other hand, we did not feel ourselves capable of conducting our business without the advice of our clients, we should not have undertaken this investigation.

"We hold ourselves free at all times to limit our communications within those bounds which we consider prudent.

"Yours respectfully,

"E. Pierce.

"P. S.—Be good enough to address future correspondence to 'E. Pierce, Post-Office, Dover.'"

From Mrs. Gower, London, to Mrs. Pierce, Dover—

"Mrs. Gauntly Gower sincerely regrets that the intention of her last note was misconstrued.

"She is too sensible of the ability with which Messrs. Pierce & Pierce have conducted the present investigation to place her own views above theirs, or to wish to interfere with their arrangements.

"Mrs. Gauntly Gower merely wished to intimate that she would be happy to render any assistance in her power, and that she would be grateful for any information which Messrs. P. & P. might feel justified in giving in regard to the progress of their inquiry, especially as relates to the most recent events and encloses cheque in payment of services to end of present month.

"Gauntly House, Aug. 7, 188—."

From Mrs. Pierce, Dover, to Mrs. Gower, London—

"Dover, Aug. 8.

"Dear Madam,—Your note of the 7th inst., enclosing cheque, to hand.

"I return receipt, with thanks, and have great pleasure in complying with your request for information.

"I have already informed you of the line of conduct taken by Sophia Kirby upon her arrival at Valvins, and her insulting behavior towards Lady Linton.

"That line of conduct Sir Gilbert tolerated until he perceived that it was making a serious ill-effect upon Lady Linton's health.

"He then, in a private interview with S. K., intimated that she must leave the house at once or treat his wife with proper consideration, and signified that he would rather face the consequences of a complete exposure than suffer Lady L. to endure a system of persecution which was more insupportable than her knowledge of his offence.

"S. K., seeing the inadvisibility of a rupture by which she would be the greatest sufferer, immediately changed her tactics.

"She ceased to openly insult Lady L., and abandoned the tone of insolent authority she had assumed.

"But she proceeded in a covert manner to excite Lady L.'s jealousy, with a view to producing a misunderstanding between her and her husband, and succeeded so well that on the night of Aug 3d, Lady L., provoked to a state of frenzy, told Sir G. that she would no longer stay in the house with 'Miss Drummond,' and that he must choose between his wife and her.

"S. K. was at this time absent from the house.

"Sir G., with a motive which I will presently explain, replied that he could not send 'Miss Drummond' away, and that she, his wife, must go.

"He ordered the carriage to be brought at once, and bade me pack up whatever would be needful to Lady L. for three or four days.

"While he gave these orders Lady L. sat in a helpless state of bewilderment, as if all power to think or to act had gone from her.

"I brought the things I had packed in Sir G.'s valise and asked if I was to accompany Lady L.

"'No,' he replied; 'but you will prepare to follow her ladyship to-morrow. If Miss Drummond arrives before I return, tell her I expect to arrive about mid-day to-morrow.'

"He then desired his wife to put on her bonnet and mantle.

"The unhappy lady obeyed without a word; but, without my support, I feel sure she must have fallen upon the stairs, her agitation was so great.

"She took her husband's portrait from a drawer, but nothing else; and we then went down to the hall.

"Sir Gilbert was standing by the open door. The carriage had just arrived.

"She paused a moment, and then, leaving me, hurried into the drawing-room.

"I heard a key turn and knew what she had gone for.

"In her work-table she had kept the baby's things she had been making during the last few weeks.

"Sir Gilbert saw her go in, but he did not follow. He went out and waited in the dark.

"Lady L. was some time gone; but when I moved towards the door, she came out with her head bent down and her arms folded over her breast.

"A little white cuff protruded from the opening in her mantle.

"She covered it with her hands, and I saw the tears splash down upon her hand.

"She had not heard Sir Gilbert say I was to follow, evidently, for, as I stood back after helping her into the brougham, she said, in a choked voice, 'Thank you, Pierce. Good-bye!'

Sir Gilbert stepped into the carriage, after telling the driver to go to the station; and so they left.

"About nine o'clock the next morning a fly from the railway station brought Miss Drummond to the house, and I told her that Sir Gilbert and Lady Linton were gone.

"She looked ten years older—partly because she had not taken her dressing-case with her the night before, partly because of her rage in finding that they had escaped her.

"I thought she was about to strike me. I never saw a woman in such a fury, except under the influence of drink.

"I had purposely refrained from giving her Sir G.'s message, in order to see how she would act and what she would say, having before learnt some valuable information from her while in a similar condition.

"'You miserable eavesdropper,' she

cried, 'do you mean to tell me you don't know where they've gone?'

"Then, finding I was not to be frightened, she said slyly, 'Come, Pierce, you know the secret of this house as well as I do; I must have let it out the other night'—she alluded to a night when she had been taken with a fit of delirium in her room, and Sir G. had called me to watch her—'and if I didn't, you're clever enough to guess it. Come now—you know how important it is that I should not lose all I have won—tell me where they are, and I'll pay you what you like to ask.'

"I replied that perhaps Sir Gilbert would give her the information she required when he came home at mid-day. This set her to reflecting.

"'But, if he doesn't,' I added, 'I may be able to let you know, as I am to follow Lady Linton.'

"'You shall have a hundred pounds—two hundred—what you like, if you do!' she cried; and then, as if mad with joy to recover the scent of her prey, so to speak, she caught me in her arms and kissed me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Crime Atoned.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE" "VERA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED).

BUT that is not all—I am come to state actual facts, not my own opinions. Miss Etheredge"—turning to her—"is it true you are to marry your second cousin to-morrow?"

Vivien made a sign of assent without speaking—she dared not meet the surprised reproach in Keith's eyes.

"Then I have no alternative but to tell the truth, and the same time betray a secret that has survived ten years," he added, drawing a long breath, and averting his eyes from the young girl's painfully flushed face.

"Trevor Etheredge, you are not at liberty to marry any woman, for your first wife is still living."

Trevor started as if a bombshell had burst at his feet, but after a moment's startled gaze into his brother-in-law's face he broke into an incredulous laugh.

"My wife not dead! You are really mad!

"She was drowned ten years ago, and her body lies in the Gordon vault at Etheredge Church."

"A body that you supposed to be hers lies there, she herself is, at this moment, at Gordon Chase, and has been ever since Christmas Eve ten years ago."

There was a few minutes' dead silence.

Trevor's eyes fixed on Gordon with an expression of baffled enmity that defies description.

Vivien bending eagerly forward, the color coming and going in her cheeks, her hands clasped tightly across her knees.

Roy and Alice seemed to each other like the spectators of an exciting drama.

"What guarantee do you bring as proof of this extraordinary story?" demanded Trevor, at last.

"One that I do not think you will be inclined to question, the copy of a deposition made by your wife, Gertrude Etheredge, to Sir Henry Stone, and signed by witnesses in his presence.

In it she gives her reasons for wishing the world to suppose her dead, and fully accounts for any mystery that may seem to envelope her actions."

"It is a lie!" cried Trevor, furiously, goaded beyond endurance at thus seeing Vivien turn from him.

"A conspiracy—a vile fabrication got up by this man to prevent my marriage!"

"Sir Henry Stone is a magistrate, and a man of position, the very last in the world to lend himself to anything dishonorable," put in Roy.

"If you have any doubt as to the truth of Mr. Gordon's statement, you cannot do better than go to Sir Henry and ask him either to substantiate or disprove it."

The suggestion found favor in Trevor's eyes, for, in spite of the air of veracity Gordon gave his statement, the elder man had been so firmly convinced of his wife's death that even now he could hardly bring himself to believe the contrary.

"I will go," he said to Roy; "and as Keith Gordon declares Sir Henry has seen his sister he will, as you say, be able to give me a satisfactory answer," and so saying he went hastily from the room, while Alice, who had a feeling that in such a scene as this her presence was de trop, quietly followed his example, thus leaving Roy and his sister alone with the master of the Chase.

Gordon looked relieved as the door closed on the departure of Trevor and Miss Matthison, and came a few steps nearer Roy.

"Mr. Etheredge, I feel I owe you an explanation, as this denouement has taken place under your roof, and I am anxious to give it you for more reasons than one.

"Still, the story is rather a lengthy one, and may try your patience.

"So, first of all, I must ask you if you can spare the time to listen?"

"I will make a point of doing so," Roy responded, courteously, and motioned Gordon to a seat as he spoke.

This, however, the latter declined, and while he told his story remained standing with one hand resting on the back of a chair, and in such a position that no movement on the part of the girl seated by the fire escaped his keen eyes.

Vivien could see that, though ostensibly, he addressed himself to Roy, it was for her behoof the narrative was really given.

CHAPTER XI.

IN order to make everything clear to you I must go back ten years or more," began Keith.

"As you are doubtless aware, Trevor Etheredge married my only sister and went to reside in London, but in consequence of his extravagance having placed them in such a position as to prevent their keeping up an establishment of their own, they both came to live with me at Gordon Chase.

"In the summer of that year a tribe of gipsies camped in the vicinity, and I frequently went to see them, as I was much interested in their manners and customs, and desired to study them more closely than I could have done in books.

"Amongst them was a beautiful girl named Rachael Lee, who had the misfortune to attract the attention of my sister's husband, and afterwards made a point of meeting him every evening, but in a secret manner, for Trevor knew his wife to be exceedingly jealous, and feared lest the story should reach her ears.

"In view of this, it seems he contrived to spread a rumor that I was the girl's lover, and as he took every precaution for keeping himself undiscovered, his part in the affair was not suspected.

"In time the gipsies went away, and nothing more was heard of them for some months, not until the following Christmas Eve in fact.

"On that morning I happened to be passing through the hall, when I caught sight of Rachael Lee at the door, but so changed from the bright young girl I had known the previous summer that I hardly recognized her.

"However, I took her into my study, and gave her some wine, for she was faint from exhaustion, and she asked for my brother-in-law.

"I told her he was out in the wood shooting, and when I questioned her as to her changed appearance, she grew very excited and said, loudly enough to be heard by one of the servants outside, that, 'she had cause enough to curse Gordon Chase and its inmates.'

"After that, she told me Trevor had been her lover, and I discovered she was unaware of his marriage.

"When I informed her of it she was furious at first, and vowed she would be avenged on him for having broken faith with her.

"It would be easy enough, she said, for her father had declared he would shoot the man who had brought her to misery.

"And she, fearful of his doing injury to Trevor, of whom it was easy to see, she was passionately fond even yet, had allowed him to suppose I had been her wooer.

"She was, however, resolved to have an interview with Trevor, and left the Chase for that purpose.

"Directly after her departure I remembered that Gertrude had also gone to the wood to meet her husband, and fearful of the consequences if the two women fell in with each other, I hurried there myself.

"On my way I contrived somehow to sprain my foot, and through this accident had to go back home.

"I entered the Chase by a side door, unobserved by anyone, and then proceeded to bind my ankle with some bandages I had in my study, and after this, decided it would be useless to make any attempt to find Rachael now, as she might be far away in the intricacies of the wood.

"And, besides, if she had not met Trevor or Gertrude already, there was no danger of her doing so, as they must be on their way home to luncheon.

"A little while afterwards, the whole house was in a state of terror and commotion, caused by the news that a murder had been committed down by the pool, and half-an-hour later the body of poor Rachael Lee was brought to the Chase, shot through the heart.

"In the confusion that ensued, the absence of my sister was unnoticed until evening came.

"And then, on inquiring for her, I learned she had not been seen since she had set out the morning, avowedly with the intention of joining her husband.

"I went immediately to Trevor and asked if he had seen her, but he replied in the negative.

"And on my suggesting the necessity of search being instituted, he replied I could do as I liked, he was ill, and not able to leave his room, he said.

"Of course I despatched servants, and also went in quest of her myself, aiding my hurt foot with a stick, and before we had been out long one of the men came to tell me he had found Mrs. Trevor Etheredge's hat caught on some willows by the side of the river.

"Naturally enough the idea that she had fallen in the water and been drowned was quick to suggest itself, and I sent the man off to get drags and have the river searched, while I walked along the banks on the look-out.

Presently I came to a little cavern she and I had discovered when we were children, and the secret of which we had kept most religiously.

"It was one whose existence was not likely to be suspected, for the entrance to it was covered with brambles, which we always had to move when we wished to get inside.

"It struck me these bushes looked as if they had been moved, so I climbed down the bank, and entered the cavern, and then I found my surmise had been correct, for there was Gertrude crouching up in one corner, pale and trembling, and hardly able to speak through fright and exhaustion.

"She rushed into my arms with a cry of thankfulness that became hysterical, and her manner altogether was so wild that I myself grew frightened, and begged her to lose no time in telling me what had happened.

"Little by little I drew the truth from her, and then I found her fear was no chimera of imagination, there was, alas! too terrible a foundation for it.

"It appeared she had been in the wood early in the morning looking for her husband.

"And had at length come in sight of the pool, where she saw him, with his one arm thrown around a gipsy girl, to whom he was talking very earnestly, and tenderly.

"First of all, the girl was upbraiding, but his soothing arguments and caresses speedily had an effect on her, and finally she threw herself into his arms, and embraced him with passionate fervor.

"After that, Gertrude, who had hidden herself behind the trunk of a tree, heard Trevor say he must go to the gamekeeper's cottage, as he had an appointment with him on a matter of some importance, but that if she would stay there he would rejoin her before long, and to this Rachael willingly agreed.

"I believe I mentioned that Gertrude was extremely jealous as well as passionate, and you will readily understand her angry resentment when she found she had a rival in her husband's affections.

"No sooner had Trevor disappeared from sight than she left her concealment, and, confronting the gipsy girl, told her who she was.

"My sister's own account of this part of the affair was wild and disconnected in the extreme, as she was suffering from terrible excitement during its narration, and her brain only just retained its equilibrium.

"However, there is no doubt she must have said something that wounded the gipsy's pride, for the girl turned round on her, and taunted her with the fact that Trevor loved her, and looked on his wife merely as an encumbrance he could not get rid of.

"Then it seems Gertrude's passion passed beyond her control, and she snatched up Trevor's gun, which he had left resting against a tree until his return, and levelled it at the girl, who, with a loud shriek, fell down—dead.

"As soon as I heard the story, I of course saw at once the consequences that must inevitably follow my sister's rash act, and it took me some time to collect my thoughts sufficiently to decide on what course of action to pursue.

"Gertrude piteously implored me to save her, either to get her out of the country, or to let her remain where she was in hiding.

"Above all things, to keep the knowledge of her crime from her husband, and this I promised to do.

"After some consideration, I decided to leave her in the cavern until it got later, and then, when the coast was clear, to take her to the Chase, and contrive to get her inside without being seen.

"My plan succeeded admirably, and Gertrude's entrance was effected that night, unknown to any of the household.

"The river was dragged for her body and although it was not discovered, the belief that she had been drowned gained credence, and was finally accepted as a fact by everyone—her husband included.

"Then came the inquest on Rachael Lee, and to my horror, I found myself in a position of the greatest peril and difficulty from which I had no means of extricating myself without betraying Gertrude, and handing her over to a felon's death.

"Unhappily Trevor had taken out my gun instead of his own that morning, and in order, I suppose, to conceal the fact of his having had an interview with Rachael, he denied that the weapon found lying near her had been used by him; so, as it had my name engraved on it, it made the case look darker against me.

"Then a servant gave evidence that Rachael Lee had come to the Chase, and been taken by me into my study, where she remained some time, and where she was overheard declaring 'she had cause enough to curse Gordon Chase and its inmates.'

"It was also proved that when she left I soon followed her, but as no one had seen me re-enter the house, it was an open question at what time I did so, whether before or after the murder had been committed, and that, of course, was not in my favor.

"Trevor was able to swear he had not been on the spot, for at the moment of the tragedy he was in the gamekeeper's cottage, and they had both heard the report of a gun, and a piercing scream which had caused them to hasten to the pool, where they found the murdered girl.

"To make matters worse, Michael Lee appeared upon the scene, and accused me of being his daughter's lover, and Trevor, like the coward he is, allowed the accusation to stand.

"But in spite of this semi-acquittal the stigma remained, and I went forth with the brand of Cain on my brow.

"All my friends believed me guilty, even the nearest and dearest, and abandoned me to fight my battle single-handed against the world."

He stopped a moment to glance at the quiet figure by the fire, but her head was bent, and the firelight flashed on the starry radiance of the diamonds adorning the hands she had put up to hide her face,—the diamonds scintillated so unsteadily that he knew how her fingers must be trembling.

"Did I say all had deserted me?" he went on almost immediately, "No, there were two who believed in my innocence, and stuck to me through everything—a gardener and his wife, both of whom I had known from my childhood; so when the rest of the servants left the Chase they stayed on, and after a while I deemed it well to take them into my confidence with regard to Gertrude's presence in the house, although not even to them did I hint at her guilt.

"For the first week or two after the murder I had been afraid her brain would give way, for her terror of being apprehended even seemed to increase.

"After awhile, however, she grew calmer and more like herself, and would wander about the rooms in the haunted wing, although she very seldom ventured into the inhabited portion of the house, not because there was any danger of discovery, for no visitors ever trespassed on my hospitality. To increase the certainty of her death I had dropped a scarf she had worn farther down the river, and some weeks afterwards a body was picked up which was supposed to be hers, and was interred in our family vault under her name, so no doubt whatever existed as to her fate.

"And so the days went on, and the quiet monotony of my life had one good result, in bringing a certain amount of assurance to Gertrude that she need have no fear of being discovered, for she never ran the slightest risk except once," his eyes again sought Vivien's, "and then I knew I could rely on the honor of the person who had seen her.

"Last Christmas Eve an event happened that brought matters to a climax; Michael Lee forced an entrance into the Chase, with the object of taking my life, and fired a pistol as I was sitting in my study with Gertrude, who threw herself on my breast, and received the shot intended for me.

"Since then she has been lying in a very precarious state, and last night, believing herself to be dying, and having learnt from my old housekeeper that the stain of her crime rested on me, she despatched the woman secretly for Sir Henry Stone—who was once an intimate friend of our family—and to him she made a full confession of everything, thus exonerating me.

"At the best of times I hear very little of what goes on in the outside world, and of late I have been so constantly with Gertrude that I have heard nothing at all; but to-day I was informed by the doctor attending my sister, that Trevor Etheredge was to marry his cousin in the morning, and so I lost no time in coming to inform you of Gertrude's existence.

"Not that that impediment will stand in the way very long," he added, sorrowfully.

"She has lasted many days longer than we ventured to hope, but there is no doubt her few remaining sands of life are ebbing very fast."

Then he ceased speaking, and there was a silence—a silence broken by Roy coming forward and grasping Gordon's hand.

"If anything can repay you for all you have suffered, it will be the consciousness that you have acted as one of the noblest men God ever created in his own image," he exclaimed, his voice husky with emotion. "Vivien, what do you say?"

Ah, what could she say?

What words were there strong enough to tell him what she thought of him, this noble heart with its silent heroism of endurance, this grand life that had been one long self-sacrifice, that had calmly given up everything, friends, fame, and honor, and had seen its best years drift by, heavily laden with the weight of another's guilt?

She could not speak, she could not think, she only knew her faith had justified itself, and that this was her hero, nobler far than any knight who sat at Arthur's table, braver than the bravest who had ever shivered lance defending innocence in the old days of chivalry.

Oh, how she loved him, and how she gloried in her love, all unworthy as she told herself she was.

She forgot the presence of Roy, perhaps it would have been just the same if she had remembered it, for the tumult of feelings carried everything before it, and she came and knelt at Gordon's feet, beautiful in her new-born humility as she raised her love-lit, tear-misted eyes to his face.

"Oh, brave heart . . . ." she said, and she took his hand and pressed her lips upon it.

Gordon bent down to raise her, and as he held her to his breast there was somewhat the same sort of look in his eyes as a man in the desert, dying of thirst, may have when the first drop of a cup of clear water touches his burning throat.

Roy, seeing that look, understood it, and left them.

CHAPTER XII.

TREVOR ETHEREDGE came back from the baronet's house with slow footsteps and a moody brow, for Sir Henry Stone had authenticated all Gordon had said, and Trevor saw his hope of calling Vivien "wife" must now be, at best, only an indefinite one.

To describe his rage and disappointment at thus having his plot baffled is impossible and both were intensified a little while later, when, on entering the drawing-room, he found Gordon still there, and seated by the side of Vivien.

"Excuse me," he said, pausing at the door in indecision, and biting his lip, "I will come in later on, when Mr. Gordon has gone."

"You had better wait now; a few minutes will be quite sufficient to conclude all relations between us," said Roy, quite coldly.

"It is only fair to you to state that Mr. Gordon has revealed your share in the fate of Rachael Lee, as well as the perjury you committed at the inquest.

"And after that, it is hardly necessary to remind you that neither gentlemen or honest men will permit your society, and that in future our paths must lie as wide apart as possible!"

"What!" cried Trevor, casting a glance of malignant hatred across at Keith, "are you prepared to receive whatever calumnies this man, my enemy, may think fit to utter against me?"

"There is no other alternative but to believe his words when they are attested by circumstances, and the breath of a dying woman.

"You will scarcely venture to deny that you were Rachael Lee's lover in the face of your wife's evidence, as given by her in a deposition of which the copy is now in my hands."

"And you, Vivien," said Trevor, raising his eyes from the ground, and looking at her fixedly.

"What have you to say to the man who was to have stood by your side at the altar?"

Vivien paused a moment, and shivered before she answered—

"I can only echo my dear brother's words."

"So!" he exclaimed, with a bitter laugh, "you desert me, too?

"Well, before I go, will you grant me a few minutes' private conversation?"

"No," said Roy, without giving her time to reply.

"She is under my guardianship, and I forbid her to hold any communication whatever with you."

"I ask you again, will you let me speak to you alone?" reiterated Trevor, taking no notice of the young man's interruption.

"I think," he added, meaningly, "when you bear in mind a statement I made to you a week ago you will accede to my request."

Vivien rose, after a slight hesitation, and laying her soft hand on Roy's shoulder said—

"Let me go; it is something of great importance, and it is better I should hear it at once."

She led the way into the library, Trevor following and closing the door as he entered.

"It would be useless to deny that Gertrude still lives, after having heard from Sir Henry Stone that he has seen her," he commenced, coming at once to the point, and letting his moody eyes rest on the girl's flushed loveliness in a gaze of half-sullen admiration, "but I also hear that she cannot possibly linger more than a day or two, and I wish to obtain your word that you will keep yourself free, and at the end of twelve months ratify your former promise, and become my wife."

The young girl recoiled in horror at the cold-blooded heartlessness of this proposal.

Cruel as she knew Trevor to be, she hardly thought him capable of making it.

"I will conclude no such bargain," she exclaimed, in indignant anger.

"I wonder you dare suggest so abominable a contract, much less imagine I should consent to it.

"If this is all you wished to say to me I may as well retire."

"To your lover?" said Etheredge, with a bitter sneer, for he had been jealousy mindful of the intimacy that seemed to exist between Keith and Vivien.

"Gordon's eyes made no secret of their admiration, and from your own manner I should judge you would not prove so cold to him as you have been to me."

The angry crimson rushed to Vivien's face, and her lips curled scornfully, but she made no reply as she took a step forward towards the door, only one step, however, for her further progress was barred by Trevor.

"Stay," he said, "it is useless for you to attempt to leave until we have come to a clear understanding regarding our mutual position.

"If you will think for a moment you will see the absurdity of supposing I shall allow myself to be turned out of the Court by your brother's orders, unless I receive a distinct undertaking from you to marry me when I am free to claim you.

"That undertaking I ask you to give me now."

"And I decline."

"Have you counted the cost of a refusal?"

"I care not what it may be"—defiantly. "I have too much self-respect to be drawn into a promise to marry a man whose wife is still living."

"In that case I shall be forced to carry out my threat," said Trevor, his voice trembling with the passion into which her firmness threw him. "And recollect, after the first step is taken it will be too late to draw back."

"And what may that 'first step' be, pray?" inquired a voice at the door; and Roy, anxious on Vivien's account, entered the room and faced his cousin. "Is it permissible to inquire the meaning of this threatening tone I find you adopting to my sister?"

"Have a care lest I adopt one yet more threatening to you!" was the angry response, uttered in a voice that evinced the difficulty with which the speaker kept down his rising passion. "I advise you not to try me too much with your insolence, otherwise you may possibly find yourself in a particularly unpleasant dilemma."

Roy laughed contemptuously.

"That sort of thing won't do with me, whatever effect you may think it would have on a girl. Recollect, too, I am master here, and cannot be insulted with impunity in my own house."

"Your own house! Well, it certainly makes a difference to the position a man can take up when he speaks under a roof he claims as his; but he should, first of all, make sure his claim is a lawful one."

"Come away, Roy—please come away," pleaded Vivien, seeing that Trevor's anger had mastered him, and a quarrel between the two men was imminent; but Roy pushed her gently to one side, his blood was up, too, for nothing could exceed the insolence of his cousin's manner.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, sharply; "if words like these are only the outcome of your impotent rage at being unmasked, I advise you to keep a better guard over your tongue, otherwise I shall forget you have been my guest, and show you the door."

"Indeed," said Trevor, a white wrath in his face; "I think the probabilities are in favor of the order you have mentioned being reversed, for if it comes to the point, I can prove myself the lawful heir, not you."

Vivien sank down in a chair and covered her face with her hands, feeling that now nothing was possible to avert the catastrophe she had tried so hard to prevent, and at the same moment Alice and Gordon, brought thither by the sound of raised voices, came and stood in the doorway.

Neither Roy nor Trevor noticed them—both were in the highest degree excited.

"Yes," added the latter, flinging all prudent considerations to the winds in his desire to show his triumph; "this imposture has been going on quite long enough, and I now warn you, Roy—Etheredge, as you have been falsely called—that I intend advancing my just claim to the estates as heir-at-law to your father, who was never married, and whose children have therefore no right to the name they have hitherto borne."

"Liar!" shouted Roy, and he sprang furiously forward with uplifted arm that was, however, seized by Gordon, who interposed his own muscular proportions between the two men.

"Calm yourself," he said to Roy, without relaxing his hold; "a blow is useless in disproving such a slander as this; besides, it is not worth while distressing yourself on the statement of a man whose veracity is so impeachable as that of your opponent. If he repeats his assertion publicly, you have but to produce your parents' marriage certificate, and there is an end of the matter."

Roy's face fell.

"He knows it is lost," he said, moodily.

"Then search for the original entry in the register."

"Such a search would be fruitless—the entry is not in existence," exclaimed Trevor, his eyes flashing as he thought of the security of his position, and with a movement that was perfectly involuntary, his hands went up for a second to the left breast-pocket of his coat. Only Alice Matthison observed the movement, but to her it meant a great deal.

She was a quick-witted girl, and the expose that had just taken place had helped her to a true estimate of Trevor's character; moreover, the scene at present enacting recalled to her mind that memorable night in Glasbury church, and, like an inspiration, part of the truth flashed upon her.

"Stay," she interposed, coming forward, and raising her hand to compel their attention, "I may have something to say in this matter. Perhaps, Mr. Etheredge, the reason you are so sure your cousin could not find the original entry is because it is either destroyed or in your possession."

Her audience were electrified, for she was naturally the very last person any of them would have expected to see interfere, and Trevor's astonishment kept him silent when he heard the accusation uttered in her clear, high-pitched voice.

Finding no one spoke she turned to Roy. "You remember my telling you of how I got locked in Glasbury church one night, and saw a man abstract a page from the register? Well, I can swear to the identity of that man—it is he!"—pointing to Trevor.

If a look could have killed her she would have fallen dead at his feet, but she was brave, and she met his glance unflinchingly. "This happened on the tenth of last December," she continued, in a tone of quiet assurance, "but perhaps Mr. Etheredge can give a satisfactory explanation of his nocturnal visit, and say why he placed himself in a position that was, to say the least, compromising."

"I owe no one here such an explanation, and I decline to give it," he said, gnashing his teeth together in all the rage of baffled villainy, "I will leave this house, and instruct my solicitor to take proceedings that will soon result in my return as its master."

"Wait a moment," said Gordon who instantly comprehended the situation. "I think, on the information of this young lady, we should be justified in insisting on your apprehension, and I, as a magistrate, am quite ready to sign a warrant."

"It seems to me a search should be made, too, for I believe Mr. Etheredge has not destroyed the paper he took away from Glasbury, but that it is actually on his person at the present moment," said Alice, daringly.

Roy instantly declared himself ready to act on the suggestion, and rang the bell to order a dog-cart to be at once despatched for a constable.

"You shall answer for this!" exclaimed Trevor, maddened at thus seeing the fabric he had raised so carefully falling about his head like a house of cards, and threatening at the same time to engulf him in its ruins; "I insist on being allowed to leave this room, and it will be on the peril of an indictment for conspiracy that you will prevent me."

"I am willing to undertake the responsibility," put in Keith, who was sitting at the writing-table, and had just finished signing a document.

"There," he continued, rising, "I think that will smooth away all obstacles so far as we are concerned."

He had no difficulty now in understanding Vivien's motive for having consented to a marriage with a man who, he was already aware, she inwardly despised, and this knowledge may have had something to do with the active part he was taking in this scene.

Before very long a constable arrived, and then Trevor saw that no resource could possibly avail him, for Alice had been partially right in her surmise, and though—out of consideration for his own safety—he had destroyed the leaf out from the register, he had kept the certificate itself, as well as the late Squire's will, in view of his marriage with Vivien, and they were both in the little leathern case in his inner pocket.

So fearful had he been of their falling into other hands that he had never let them go for a moment out of his own possession.

One more effort he made—a last and desperate one.

As the constable came in he took the book from his pocket and threw it into the very heart of the fire burning in the grate, then he turned round and tried to prevent Gordon from getting near enough to rescue it.

But his ruse was ineffectual—with one swing of his mighty arm Keith flung him aside, while Roy rushed forward, and, taking up a small pair of tongs, drew the burning book from the flames.

Its contents were safe, although the book itself was considerable mutilated and some of the papers scorched.

In addition to the will and certificate there was also the letter which had such an effect in convincing Vivien of the hopelessness of attempting to contradict Trevor's assertion, and this Roy was now able to explain.

It was true the writer had been Squire Etheredge himself, but the boy referred to had nothing to do with his own children—he was the son of his late brother, who had contracted an illegal marriage with a Frenchwoman shortly before he died.

The good-natured plan of letting him have the Melton estate was frustrated by the lad's own death, which occurred within a month or two after the date of the letter.

* * * * *

Little more remains to be told, except that, from motives that will be readily understood, Roy refrained from prosecuting his cousin.

Trevor returned to the East, there to meditate on the uncertainty of the best-matured human plans, and to console himself as well as he could on his own failure.

He was a philosopher and doubtless contrived to do it.

His wife died almost directly after the events just narrated took place; and Keith, as he bent over poor Gertrude's lifeless body, and saw the placid smile her pale features wore, confessed to himself it was for the best her tired spirit had fled so soon—perhaps in the quiet rest of the grave she would find that Peace denied her here; for Heaven's mercy is great, and surely her crime was atoned for by the bitter tears of anguish with which she had tried to wash it away.

Some twelve months later a double wedding took place, and while Roy bore Alice to Etheredge Court as its mistress, Gordon's gloomy house was brightened by Vivien's fair presence, and he, looking down with unutterable love into her sweet eyes, confessed to himself that all the misery of the past years was amply compensated for by the joy of this happy present.

And there are no more secrets at Gordon Chase.

[THE END.]

THE peculiar sect known as the "Shaking Quakers" deserve credit for many of the useful inventions of the present. More than half a century ago they first originated the drying of sweet corn for food, and they first raised, papered and vended garden seeds in the present styles. From their first methods of preparing medicinal roots and herbs for market sprung the immense patent medicine trade. They began the broom corn business. The first hoop-saw was made by the Shakers at New Lebanon. This is now in the Albany Geological Hall. The Shakers invented metallic pens, first made of brass and silver. All distilled liquors were abandoned as a beverage by the Shakers sixty years ago, and during the past forty years no fermented liquor of any sort has been used, except as a medicine. Pork and tobacco are also numbered among the "forbidden articles."

THE lesson of self-denial is far beyond any other in importance. It must be repeated again and again.

Scientific and Useful.

ETCHING.—An Austrian scientist uses india rubber stamps for etching on glass. The stamps are dipped first in ether so as to better keep the fluoric acid. From ten to fifteen impressions may be obtained, it is said, from one dipping, after a little practice.

BAROMETERS.—Paper barometers were first introduced from Paris, and can be made by soaking the paper in a solution of chloride of cobalt. It then becomes hygroscopic. If it is now exposed to a current of air it will change from blue to pink, according as the air become moist, regaining the blue that as the moisture decreases.

NEW CLOCK.—The latest thing in clocks comes from Russia. It is a little timepiece about eight inches high on a base five inches in diameter, and covered with a glass globe. All the works are plainly exposed. The pendulum is a solid brass wheel supported at the centre, or hub, by a slender wire. It does not swing, but revolves from left to right and right to left. Being a 400-day clock, the winding of it is a small item. It will not vary five minutes in running 400 days. No temperature affects it.

OIL MARKS.—Good housekeepers are frequently annoyed by oil marks on papered walls, against which careless or thoughtless persons have laid their heads. These unsightly spots may be removed by making a paste of cold water and pipe clay or fuller's earth, and laying it on the surface without rubbing it on, else the pattern of the paper will then likely be injured. Leave the paste on all night. In the morning it can be brushed off and the spot will have disappeared, but a renewal of the operation may be necessary if the oil mark is old.

UNITS FOR MEASURMENT.—The metrical unit for length is the meter; the ten-millionth part of the distance from the earth's equator to the pole. The unit of bulk is the liter; it is the cube of a decimeter side. The unit of weight is the gramme; the weight of a cubic centimeter of distilled water at 40 deg. Fahrenheit. The unit of force is the kilogrammeter, being the force required to raise one kilogramme weight one meter high. The unit of electric resistance is the ohm; it is the resistance which a current undergoes when passing through a column of mercury one meter long and one square millimeter in section at the freezing point of water. The unit of electromotive force is the volt, it is the amount of electromotive force produced by one Daniel cell. The unit of electrical intensity is the ampere; it is the current produced by one volt through the resistance of one ohm. The unit of quantity of current is the coulomb; it is the quantity of electricity given by one ampere in one second.

Farm and Garden.

TEST FOR TIMBER.—To test the soundness of a piece of timber, apply the ear to the middle of one of the ends, while another person strikes upon the opposite extremity. If the wood is sound and of good quality, the blow is very distinctly heard, however long the beam may be. If the beam is decayed, the sound will be for the most part destroyed.

SOIL.—Ammonia and nitric acid are the results of the decay of organic nitrogen in the soil and manure heap, and are the most part active forms of nitrogen. The former occurs in sulphate of ammonia, and the latter in nitrate of soda. About 17 parts of ammonia, or 67 parts of pure sulphate of ammonia contain 14 parts of nitrogen, while 85 parts of pure nitrate of soda contain 14 parts of nitrogen.

YOUNG FRUIT TREES.—Fruit trees that have been lately planted should be attended to. A few minutes will only be required to see if they are loose in the ground and need the dirt trod hard around them again. If they look as though they would die, pinch off all the leaves from the tree, not strip from the tree, for the wounds you make at the tree will dry the feeble stock; but if you leave a part of the stem of the leaf on, it will not dry out. It may appear a small thing, but it is a very important one.

CHICKENS.—Many young chickens are killed by being fed too much water with their meal, and especially if corn meal is fed, which is very concentrated food. The wet masses, are compacted in the stomach so that they cannot be well digested. If corn is fed it is better for young chickens if broken into small pieces and fed dry, but wheat without breaking is better still. While it is true that young hens lay more eggs per year than old ones, they do not make good setters nor so careful mothers. There is a great difference in the character of fowls in this respect, and a little watchfulness will soon teach the careful attendant which ones will be best to set.

THE HORSES.—Some one pertinently remarks that the man who drags the life out of his team while plowing with an old-fashioned, dilapidated plow, while a plow of some improved pattern would do better work, more of it, and with much less labor, certainly does not deserve to be the owner of a horse. If the road-cart rides just as easy as the four-wheeled vehicles that have been used for many years, answers every purpose, and can be drawn with one half the labor, then the proper thing to do is to use the cart instead of the heavier vehicle and save your horseflesh. Horses that are willing to work as best they can, at whatever they are put, are certainly entitled to every convenience that can be afforded them.

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SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 12, 1884.

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HEROES AND HEROINES.

Carlyle, in his "Lectures on Heroes," says, "One comfort is, that grown men taken up in any way are profitable company."

No less profitable and enlightening is the heroism of great women.

The heroism of the renowned Grace Darling, and the noble devotion of Florence Nightingale, prove what the feebler nature of woman is capable of when called into action, and also show it is a mistaken belief that heroism is confined to man.

It is true few women are renowned in history, compared with the noble army of men whose deeds are "great in story;" but is not this because women have fewer opportunities to distinguish themselves?

The life of a man is full of incident, often of adventure, while that of the generality of women consists of steadfast adherence to duty; and yet this patient endurance, which Longfellow says is god-like, frequently shows greater self-sacrifice, greater heroism, than many an act of bravery done on the impulse of the moment.

Heroines are not confined to the noble women whom history teaches us to revere. Many a brave woman has lived and died, and her deeds are only know to those whose lives she brightened. The world knows them not; but

> "Thinkest thou that they remain unknown
> Whom thou knowest not?
> By angel throngs in heaven their praise is blown—
> Divine their lot."

The pages of history present us with many examples of noble women, of women who have armed themselves with the might of "mailed men" to save those they loved from peril and death; of women who have unflinchingly ascended the scaffold, or calmly gazed on the martyr pile and the fierce mob for the cause of religion; of women who have imperiled their lives for their country.

All are familiar with such names as Flora Macdonald, Lady Jane Grey, and Joan of Arc.

We do not intend in this sketch to trespass on history and repeat panegyrics known to everyone; our aim is simply to cull from romance or song a few characteristics which we consider worthy of respect and imitation, and which raise the possessors of them to the rank of heroines.

It would be impossible to detail here the heroines of story and of song. The majority of our songs, however, are love-songs, and it is a well-known fact that every lover loads his lady-love with graces and virtues which she does not possess.

Moreover, we doubt if the possession of golden hair or ruby lips would make a heroine.

But that love for the father who "couldna work," and the mother who "couldna spin," which tempted Jenny to wed "auld Robin Grey," elevates her to that rank; and it is surely heroism which makes her sing:

> "But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
> For auld Robin Grey is a kind man to me."

What we wish to show here, is that every woman may be a heroine; her life may be spent in obscurity, but she has her place among the world's workers—she has duties to perform.

SANCTUM CHAT.

Out of a total area of nearly 21,000,000 acres, the woods and copses of Ireland are now less than 330 000 acres. In Great Britain, out of nearly 57,000,000 acres, 2,500,000 acres are now thus returned. The forests of Europe are estimated to cover 500,000,000 acres, or nearly 20 per cent. of the surface of the continent.

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It costs the 35,000,000 people of England about $14,400,000,000 per annum to live. Food is the largest item of expenditure, for they consume upwards of 300,000,000 quartern loaves, 93,000,000 hundredweight of potatoes, 17,000,000 hundredweight of vegetables, 30,000,000 hundredweight of meat, 700,000,000 pounds of fish, 5,000,000 hundredweight of butter, 3,000,000,000 pounds of sugar, 170,000,000 pounds of tea, 1,000,000,000 gallons of beer, 37,000,000 gallons of spirits, 14,000,000 gallons of wine, the total cost to consumers being about $2,500,000,000.

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A Christian man's life is laid in the Loom of Time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does; and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, and on the other is joy; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black, as the pattern needs; and in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all its changing hues glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colors were as needful to beauty as the bright and high colors.

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A London paper says: "The doctors have made life almost not worth living with their precautions against its being prematurely cut short. The air is laden with germs, the earth exudes poison, the sixpences we handle contain the seeds of zymotic plagues, the very cat that we stroke may have passed from a typhus patient's bedroom to bear on its fur the messenger of death next door. And now we are told that we smell a Gloire de Dijon at our peril, and that the azalea in our buttonhole may in the course of half an hour impart hay fever to a car full of railway travelers."

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A singular experiment was tried recently by a Free Kirk minister, in Scotland, upon the members of his congregation. He preached an energetic sermon denouncing the growing tendency to desecrate the Sabbath, and concluded by boldly offering to give half a crown to every woman in the church who would come to him the following day, and conscientiously declare that she had not spoken of worldly matters after leaving church. The men, who were presumably not so fond of chattering, were offered a shilling each on the same terms. Not a single person appeared at the minister's house on Monday to claim either half crown or shilling.

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It was the advice of one who accomplished an incredible amount of literary work, to do whatever is to be done, and take the hours of reflection and recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily and regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can bear the confusion.

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Because a woman is obliged to economize and re-make her old dresses, it does not follow that she is not a lady in the accepted sense of the term. A "lady" is a woman who clearly understands and consistently practices the refinements of a highly civilized existence; and the most real distinction between a lady and a woman who is not a lady, is that one is more civilized than the other, and more determined to preserve the habits of a high civilization, both in her own person and in all those over whom she has authority.

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It is not the best thing—that is, the things which we call best—that make men: it is not the pleasant things: it is not the calm experiences of life. It is life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good, and there evil, here trouble and there joy, here rudeness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and the alternations of the one and the other, which necessitate adaptations, constitute a part of that education which makes a man a man, in distinction from an animal which has no education. The successful man invariably bears on his brow the marks of the struggle which he has had to undergo.

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The old Dick Turpin style of romance, which was such a fruitful mother of young culprits, has, probably, by this time had its day; but it is the tone of the penny novel, and not their influence, which has changed. This is made very clear by a recent case before the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, in which it seemed that a young gentleman of sixteen, who had stolen a bank cheque, had had his head completely turned by "romantic" novels. The style of them may, perhaps, be gathered from the title of one of them found on him, "Miss Cheyne, of Esslemont;" and their influence may be gauged by the fact that his great delight was "to put on a girl's dress, to stand before a looking-glass and admire his small waist and feet."

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There are some people, keen, intelligent, energetic, having a distinct aim in life and following it closely, but wrapped up in themselves and regardless of others, except as they can use them for their own benefit. Their experience seems to afford them no opening into the lives of others, their struggles do not teach them how to help others, their joys and sorrows do not enable them to sympathize with others. They are, in the words of a recent writer, "as bright and sharp as needles, and they are as hard and narrow." The exclusive devotion to self, however intense and eager, misses its aim. For as we cannot truly help others while neglecting our proper business, so we cannot do our own work in the best way while neglecting our duties to other people. The experiences that we gain through sympathy react to make our own lives richer, and our own labor more effective.

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There is a gleam of hope for those who want to go to Europe without the ocean journey. It is proposed that a railroad shall be constructed along the Pacific coast to the extremity of Alaska, where a ferriage would connect the tourist with the Russian railway system, which would be extended to the Siberian side of Behrings Strait. As the strait is only 45 miles wide between East Cape and Cape Prince of Wales, this distance in a swift steamer would be trifling even for the victims of seasickness. Parlor cars transferred to the steamers might practically give an overland route from New York to St. Petersburg without change. The way traffic on this line might not at present be overpowering, and the items of snow ploughs and snow sheds would figure noticeably in the expenses. Still, the scheme is perhaps as promising as that of going to Europe by balloon.

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Remember the parable of the talents—one had ten, another five, another two, and another one. So it is among men to day. Our "talents" may be compared with education, money, acquired art, natural gifts, or with an opportunity to do good. If we use our one, two, or five talents to the best of our ability, we shall be accepted, and earn the approval of Him who judges righteously. Are we so living to-day that we can ask or hope for God's blessing on the course we are pursuing? This is our right, our privilege, and our duty. We may count our passing moments as unimportant, as they may appear to be uneventful. But "time flies," and we must fly to keep up with it, or be left behind; each second, like the tick of a clock, makes its record. We do not realize this until we come into middle life or old age, when, if our time has been frittered away, we are punished in a "hell" of regrets, for "lost time and lost opportunity."

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Courage is frequently thought to be simply the absence of fear. Yet, if there were no fear, there would be no room for courage. If we did not fear the water or the fire, no courage would be required to plunge into them to save a fellow-creature from destruction. If a child had no fear of the dark, we should not appeal to his courage to face it. Fear has an important mission to perform for us—that of warning against danger—and it will and ought to continue as long as danger or evil of any kind continues to threaten us. When its presence is felt, however, two opposite courses are open to us—the one to shrink, or yield, or run away, the other to face the danger, whatever it may be, with steadiness, resolution and strength. The one is the path of cowardice, the other of courage, and the greater the fear the more sublime is that courage which can stand firm in its presence and unshrinkingly pursue the path of duty.

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All workers, says a medical contemporary, if they are to last, must have holidays. For some persons and for some occupations frequent short holidays are best; with other natures and in other circumstances, only comparatively long periods of release from routine are of service. Few real workers, if any, can safely continue to deny themselves at least a yearly holiday. Mere rest, that is mere cessation from work, while it is better than unbroken toil, does not recreate the fairly vigorous so thoroughly as does a complete change of activity from accustomed channels. For the strong worker, either with brain or muscle, diversion of activity recreates better than rest alone. The whole body feeds as it works, and grows as it feeds. Rest may check expenditure of force, but it is chiefly by expending energy that the stores of energy can be replenished. We mostly need holidays because our ordinary daily life tends to sink into a narrow groove of routine exertion, working and wearing some part of our organism disproportionately, so that its powers of work and its faculty of recuperation are alike worn down.

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Men are living too fast. Idleness and indulgence have begotten pride and discontent. The age is thirsty for luxury. The very paupers of our cities scorn the patched garments and scanty fare which once satisfied the well-to-do; the young clerk must live in a house as luxuriously furnished as that of his employer, though he steal to support his establishment; the servants rival their mistresses in the costliness and elaborateness of their attire. By thus doing, they waste the savings they need to keep them from want and ruin. The young couple who begin a home must have it as richly decorated as that of those who have labored for years; and there is an utter unwillingness on the part of too many to be content with simple surroundings. We must change our standards of living, and learn to rate people at what they are and what they have. This is the money-worshipping age; men of vicious principles, through the chink of gold, summon hosts of admirers; others are tolerated for the baubles the mob scramble for; and still others are permitted to occupy posts of honor in the society and State, which they only obtain by their wealth. Men live in the fear of gold, and not of God, and seek the honor of men, and not the honor that cometh from above. There should be a return to more honest ways of living. It should be deemed dishonorable to live beyond one's means; no man should be encouraged to spend a feverish year in luxury at the risk of breaking down and making a dishonorable ending.

A SUMMER DAY.

BY G. J. LIGHT.

Fades from the hedges the snow-white may—
Spring's balmy days to Summer have grown;
Meadows are fragrant with new-mown hay,
Where merrily children sport and play,
Filling the air with their laughter gay,
No shade of care in its tone.

Down by the river forget-me-nots peep,
Blue as the depths of the sunny sky;
Calm on its bosom the lilies sleep,
Unmoved by gentle ripples that sweep
'Neath the willow's shade so cool and deep,
Where the gentle breezes sigh.

Over the roses' close-folded leaves,
Deep down to the lily's heart of gold,
Where honeysuckle its blossom waves,
'Mid jasmine clust'ring 'neath cottage eaves,
June tenderly low a whisper breathes,
Bidding their sweetness unfold.

The air is filled with a murmur low,
A drowsy murmur of bird and bee,
And bright-winged insects that to and fro
Flit o'er the flow'rs in the noontide glow,
When even the brooklet seems to flow
With indolent melody.

Oh, resting here with the golden light
Of sunbeams kissing my upturned face,
As I watch the clouds of fleecy white
Sail calmly across the azure height,
I heed not the moments' blissful flight,
So fraught with beauty and grace

Namesakes.

BY J. CLEGG.

CLOSE the shutters, Kitty. What a wild night it is, to be sure!"

"The rain is coming down in floods," said a young girl, peering out into the pitchy darkness.

A barrack ground (stiff and ugly under the most favorable circumstances), looking like some desert waste in the howling wind and driving rain, was just visible.

"Why, Aunt Bell," she continued, pausing with one hand on the shutter, "here is a name scratched on this pane of glass. I never noticed it till this minute."

"What is the name?" asked the old lady, indifferently, half asleep in her cosy arm-chair by the fireside.

"K-i-n-l-o-c-h—'Kinloch, Scots Greys, 1816'," read the girl: "and then 'Kitty' written very badly just below."

"Kinloch! Kitty!" said Aunt Bell, starting up with sudden interest. "Why that must be the same man!" Then she sank back again, murmuring, "Ah, Kitty! there was love in those days, and romance, too!"

"Is there no love now?" said her niece, coming to her aunt's side, and kneeling down on the hearthrug.

The ruddy flames and glow from the fire lit up the girl's chestnut hair, fair complexion, and bright hazel eyes.

Aunt Bell looked lovingly down at the piquant little face held up to her, and said, "Now and again we meet some of the right kind; but would you like to hear the story of that namesake of yours, Kitty?"

"Very much."

"Well, fifty years ago, as you can easily reckon, I was a girl of sixteen and was invited to spend the summer months with my aunt, who then had one of the finest houses in this county of Kildare.

"Several regiments were stationed at the camp and at a neighboring village, so you may imagine the girls of the party and I looked forward to having a gay time. Oh, those few short summer months, Kitty! I grow young again when I think of them! The rides across the Curragh in the fresh morning air, when in parties of ten or twelve we would gallop for miles on those breezy stretches of emerald turf; the handsome officers who enjoyed having hide and seek in the dusky evening hours all over the old-fashioned house, starting out of the corners and from behind doors, and chasing us breathlessly down the slippery oaken corridors. Then, tired out, we would stroll into the garden, and under the trees there would be songs, flirtations and whispered confidences, and promises made by the score and never fulfilled.

"What a mad, merry time it was! And the maddest, the merriest, the handsomest of all, was a young Scotch lieutenant, Kinloch Kinloch. His mother was Irish, and had bequeathed him her good looks and propensity for joking.

"And now for Kitty, the heroine. She was the daughter of an old gardener who lived about a mile away from my aunt's house, and of all the distractingly pretty women that have made men do foolish things, I am sure Kitty was one of the prettiest."

"What was she like?"

"No description could come up to the original; but I can tell you that she had the Irish blue eye; a complexion like milk; hair of the brightest and silkiest chestnut, curling in little rings all over her brow and neck; and a slender, upright figure, the envy of half our girls.

"One day, as a large party of us were standing chattering under the trees, Kitty passed us with a basket of fruit.

"Kinloch for the first time noticed the girl, and seemed struck dumb with amazement.

"He stood at a little distance, and kept his eyes fixed on her.

"It was love from that very moment, and everyone noticed it.

"All the other young fellows of course immediately swarmed round the girl's basket, and began helping themselves with not so much as a 'By your leave.'

"Kitty began expostulating, but they put her off.

"'Sure, Kitty,' said one, 'and you would like us to have the best, I'll be bound.'

"And another, 'Mahone, one kiss from that cheek with the bloom of the peach upon it will save you from these rascally thieves, for I will fight them all for such a favor!'

"But Kitty would not be bribed, and seemed about to resign herself to the loss of her fruit, when Kinloch shouldered his way into the group, and giving the last speaker a friendly push, cried, 'Leave the girl alone, Grant!'

"And then, turning to Kitty, took the basket out of her hands, saying, 'It is too heavy for your little arms, and there will come no one stealing your fruit now, I'm thinking!'

"'Thank you,' said Kitty, gratefully, and walked along by his side.

"That is the first time I have seen "my lady" allow any one to fetch or carry for her,' said my brother.

"There is no gainsaying Kinloch, then, as I can tell you, Harry!' I cried; 'for he always gets his own way in what he wants.'

"'Especially when it has to do with pretty girls!' sneered Grant.

"'Treason!' we all shouted in a breath. 'Kinloch is the same to us all, to everybody.'

"'Of course,' said Grant, recovering his temper; 'but are you not all pretty girls?'

"We laughed, and did not deny the soft impeachment; so the momentary breach was healed.

"That was the last time we noticed Kitty coming up to our house with her fruit.

"We knew nothing we could have said or done would have prevented her: but we were not quite so sure about Kinloch, who, ever since that little episode, had wandered about like a distressed lover.

"One day we met Kitty in one of the lanes, and said to her, 'How is it you never come our way now?'

"The girl blushed.

"'Father prefers to take up the things himself,' she murmured; for which painfully-apparent fib we instantly forgave her.

"The days passed on, and Kinloch, who had before been the life of our expeditions, was now generally absent.

"Where he had been was evident, for we often caught a glimpse of chestnut hair shining through the trees, or the old picturesque shawl draped over Kitty's head and shoulders, with her round, dimpled arms appearing just below.

"Kinloch's regiment had been ordered away to another part of Ireland; and one morning, a few days before he was to go, we begged for his company to a picnic we had arranged to have with one or two other families.

"'Thanks very much,' he said; 'but I am afraid I shall be too busy.'

"'Oh, but you must come!' we all cried. 'We counted upon you.'

"'But I—I have so many things to do today.'

"Here he stopped and blushed.

"We girls were looking very inquisitive, and some of the men had a perceptible sneer on their faces.

"He has got his lady-love to bid good-bye to, I daresay,' suggested Philip Grant.

"Kinloch turned on him with blazing eyes. We all kept back. They were like globes of fire.

"'Confound it, sir!' he cried; 'and suppose I have! what is that to you?'

"We all looked at Philip; he was very white, but he shrugged his shoulders indifferently, and wisely forbore to answer.

"Kinloch's temper cooled down as rapidly as it had arisen.

"'I am sorry to disappoint you, girls,' he said, gently, 'but you will have to excuse me.' And bowing he walked off.

"We watched his upright, manly figure striding along till he disappeared, and then we all looked at each other and sighed.

"'A clear case,' said one girl.

"'Head over heels.'

"'What will he do?'

"'How can he marry her?'

"'Kitty can look after herself.'

"'But I am sure she is in love; she never has been before.'

"'He will go away and forget her—

> "He gave the bridle rein a shake,
> Said, 'Adieu! for evermore,
> My love!
> And adieu for evermore',"

"Never!' said I; 'nothing of the kind will happen. I am sure he will marry her.'

"That evening Kinloch made his way to the old gardener's cottage. His face was pale, but he had a determined look in the corners of his mouth, and he carried his head well thrown back, and he stepped lightly along.

"The girl had just set her father's supper before him, and had gone out to rest in the garden, and watch the still beauties of the night.

"The air was fresh, and in the heavens the full moon was hurrying through its star-spangled course. The reeds in a neighboring stream rustled and shivered in the breeze, and a large night-moth or two came sailing up and bumped against Kitty's white kerchief on their way to the fatal candle shining in the window.

"The girl looked up to the sky, and tears filled her eyes.

"Was it the brightness of the moon?

"'Why do you weep, Kitty?' said a voice at her side.

"No need to turn to look for the speaker! The girl buried her face in her hands and sobbed afresh.

"'You are going away?' she said.

"'Yes; I am going away,' said Kinloch; 'but you will come with me, Kitty, for you love me.'

"'I love you, but I shall not accompany you.'

"'But you must. I have spoken to the old priest, and he is ready to marry us.'

"'Kinloch,' she said, looking up into her lover's face with a sweet, serious smile, 'you have made me love you, for I could not help it; but you cannot make me marry you.'

"'Oh, but you will, darling—won't you, Kitty?' he went on, eagerly. 'You know I can marry, now, because I came of age the other day; and I have much more than my pay now. Is that what you are thinking of."

"'How could I think about that? Why will you not understand, Kinloch. Your proud old father and your silver-haired stately mother, how could they bear for one of their sons to marry an Irish peasant girl?'

"'You have nothing to learn from the highest lady in the land, my darling,' he said, fondly; 'and younger sons are not expected to marry heiresses.'

"But she shook her head resolutely.

"'And this is how you lightly fling away a man's happiness for life?'

"'A few days' pain now to save you years of regret in the future.'

"The young man looked at the girl perplexed.

"Where could she have learnt such sentiments?—where had she gained the strength to express herself so freely?

"He then said, slowly and solemnly, as if taking an oath, 'Look yonder, Kitty! That is the evening star. So surely as it will shine in the heavens five, ten, or twenty years, surely will my love remain unchanged for you. Bid me come back when you will, Kitty, and if I have breath in my body and strength to do it, I will come.'

"'Come back in ten years, Kinloch. I will be true to you, and wait till then. I will try and improve myself—make myself more worthy of your love.'

"'Keep as you are, Kitty—remain unchanged,' said the young man, jealously, 'lest when I come again I shall not see in you the last look I took away with me, my life, my love!' he murmured, passionately; and kissing her sweet brow and mouth, folding her in one last embrace, he sighed and left her.

"She turned to go into the cottage.

"A large downy moth which had been bumping against the little window sailed in before her, circled thrice around the candle, and flew up into its alluring brightness. The candle flickered and went out; the moth dropped with a thud upon the table, dead.

"Kitty, with eyes blinded by tears and with shaking hands, relit, though somewhat tardily, the light.

"'Kitty, my girl,' said the old man, pointing significantly to the singed insect, 'don't be as foolish as that silly thing. Its eyes were dazzled, and it had no strength to resist the fatal fascination.'

"'Father,' said the girl, stooping down and kissing his gray locks, 'you may trust me'."

Here Aunt Bell stopped.

"Is it interesting? Shall I go on?"

"Oh, do! Did he come back?" said her niece.

"Well, the years passed on and the girl was joked and teased and had many offers of marriage; but she was firm and would listen to none.

"At last the young fellows grew weary of their fruitless attempts at love-making, and the greater part left her alone.

"A few, more unkind, would ask when she expected her young gentleman home, and taunted her in cutting speeches and insinuations.

"Nine years went by, and then there came the battle of Waterloo, when officers and men went down in hundreds together.

"Still no word from Kinloch, and Kitty's heart, which had never failed in its lightness nor her step in its speed, now sank and faltered for the first time.

"Early in the next year—in fact on New Year's night—the officers gave a ball, and every girl and young man for miles around was invited.

"Girls were in great demand, and I went down to my aunt's house especially for that night.

"I was anxious to see Kitty myself, and to find out how the years had passed over her head.

"You think, perhaps, twenty-six was rather old to be called a girl—do you, Kitty?

"Well, I felt almost the same as I did when I was sixteen, and quite as ready to enjoy a dance or flirtation, I can assure you.

"Kate Daly—that was her name—went to help the ladies unshawl themselves, and to be ready with needle and thread when an unhappy damsel with torn skirt or flounce should require her assistance.

"She was then twenty-eight, and the young girlish beauty had developed into the most lovely of women. Only when her face was at rest, and you caught the suspicion of an anxious heart upon it, would you have guessed her age.

"She wore a pale tea-rose-tinted gown, with ruffles of lace of her own making at the neck and sleeves.

"It was a wild and stormy night without, just such a one as this, but it only served to enhance the brightness and animation of the scene within.

"The dancing of the high-heeled shoes and the silvery laughter rose higher than the wail of the wind, and the tinkling wine-cups drowned all sound of rain.

"Suddenly there was a lull; we stopped in our dances; a chill blast seemed to have entered the room; we turned, and saw a silent, dark figure standing in the doorway.

"He was tall and handsome, but his large black cloak, carefully slung over his shoulder, was dripping with the rain and making large pools on the floor. His legs, booted and spurred, were mud up to the hips.

"Just at that moment the clock struck twelve, and the year 1816 had broken. Some of the more excitable girls screamed, and ran behind their partners.

"Was it an apparition? Was it an ill omen for the coming year?

"'I seem to frighten you, good people. Does nobody know me?'

"Kitty at that moment was bringing in a jug of iced claret at another door.

"She heard the voice, and turned round, trembling, with a wild cry, 'Kinloch, Kinloch, I knew you would come back!' And amidst a crash of breaking glass—for she let the vessel slip from her hands—she bounded to his side, and then disappeared in the folds of his great cloak."

"How splendid, Aunt Bell!" said her niece, drawing a deep breath; "but if she married him then, I do not see why she should not have done so before."

"Ah, but she was a wise girl, little one; she knew it would test his constancy, and prove if he really loved her. A young man's love at twenty-one (as she knew very well) would not be his choice at thirty-one."

"What became of them, aunt?"

"Oh, they married, and traveled about a good deal, and finally both died out in India within a few months of each other. There was one son, and I believe he is in the army also. Come, Kitty, I shall go to bed, and not wait up any longer for your father."

"There is a new lieutenant coming in Mr. Perry's place," said her niece, as she bade her good night.

"The young men are not what they used to be," sighed the old lady. Some little whipper-snapper, I'll be bound, with feet that would go in your slippers. Good night, childie!"

Kitty went slowly down-stairs, and pondered over in her mind the story of the beautiful Kate Daly and the faithful Kinloch.

She went to the window and undid the shutter.

She pictured to herself the young man coming to the window and scratching his name on the glass, and then taking the girl's hand in his own, slowly guiding it just below.

She leant in the deep shadow of the window-seat, and strove to realize each scene in the little drama.

There, under that very door, stood the black-robed figure they had all shrunk away from in the midst of their mirth.

What?

Was she dreaming?

What stood there at that very moment?

A figure darker than the gloom of the room.

The rain poured in floods outside, and the wind whistled and moaned round the corners of the house.

The figure came a little further into the room.

She saw, by the misty light, he was a tall man with a dark cloak over his shoulders, booted and spurred, with mud up to his hips.

She felt as if the whole scene was to be played again before her very eyes; but she looked in vain for the pretty girls and ladies in their puffed sleeves and short waists, their flowing curls and high-heeled shoes.

Kitty—where was she?

And here she blushed to herself in the darkness.

There was a Kitty; but not the one.

The man came up to the window, evidently thinking no one was in the room.

The girl shrank back as the wet cloak brushed against her cheek.

"Kinloch!" she said, half doubting whether the figure would answer; for she could hardly tell yet if she was dreaming or no.

"Who spoke my name?" he called out, startled and looking round.

"I did," said Kitty, feeling very abashed, almost at his elbow.

He glanced down, drawing away his cloak.

"I am sure I beg your pardon. I thought the room was empty. I must have come into the wrong quarters; arriving so late, I must have mistaken the block. I hope you will forgive such an intrusion?"

Kitty's grand castles in the air all fell to the ground with a crash.

How commonplace!

He was only the new lieutenant, after all; but he did not look the whipper-snapper her aunt had prophesied.

"Then you are not Kinloch?" she said, in a disappointed tone.

"My name is Kinloch," he answered, with a pleasant smile.

"My aunt was telling me about this Kinloch." And Kitty tapped the frame with her finger. "I will tell you the story some day, if you like; but you came into the room just as she said your namesake did, dressed in the same way and everything. But, there! I suppose you are not even a relation?"

"He was my father," said the young man, quietly. "So no wonder we are something alike."

It was now his turn to say in a disappoin-

ted tone, "But your name is not Kitty, I am sure."

"Yes, it is," said Kitty, eagerly.

Then she stopped; a sudden rosy flush rushed over her face. "At least, no—it is——"

But she could not deny it, for it was Kitty.

"These are our namesakes; shall we write our names below them, Kitty?"

"Some day—perhaps."

The Driver's Wife.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

FOUR bay horses dashed in fine style up to the door of the inn, pulling behind them the gorgeous red stage, which swayed and reeled and rocked in a fashion that made the more nervous passengers wince and shiver.

Hollister threw his reins to the stable-boy, and went into the house. He was a bluff, big-fisted fellow—rather rough looking in his wolf-skin overcoat and broad-visored cap. Nobody ever doubted the kindness of heart under that unpolished exterior, however.

Now, as he tramped through the big hall, on his way to the bar-room, he paused at the sight of a female figure lingering in one dim corner, with her face dropped into both hands, and her whole attitude one of sorrow and despair. The figure was slender and young, clad in a well-worn gray suit, and the hands on which the brown head was bowed were white and delicate.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. Are you in trouble? Can I be of service to you?"

Then the girl looked up, and Hollister recognized the daughter of a man who had been at the inn for some weeks—a man whom the driver had no hesitation in classing as an adventurer and a blackleg.

He had pitied the girl on that night when he had first seen her—when he had brought them out from the city; for she seemed a lady, and not at all fitted for a life of Bohemianism, such as it was evident her father was leading her.

She looked up, I say, and, meeting the expression of honest kindliness in Frank Hollister's clear gray eyes, she struggled a moment for self-control, and then burst into tears.

Frank squared his broad shoulders before her, in order to screen her from the curious gaze of any who might pass through the hall, and waited in silence.

Presently the girl raised her head once more, looked at him with tear-stained eyes, and said with quivering lips:

"I am in trouble, sir. Yours are the first friendly words I have heard to-day. My father"—here a crimson flush dyed her fair brow—"my father has left me; where he has gone I do not know. I am absolutely alone among strangers, and our bill here is unpaid."

For one instant Frank looked at her doubtfully, and then with a sudden rush of self-shame and chivalry, his hand went into his breast-pocket and drew therefrom a big leather pocketbook.

The girl made a little indignant gesture, and looked at him with wide opened, haughty eyes.

"Sir! I scarcely expected an insult!"

Whereupon Frank began a hurried and indignant repudiation of her insinuation. He insult a woman! He, who had the dearest mother and the sweetest little sister in the world, away off there in the Eastern States praying for him!

"P'raps I ain't so dainty in my choice of words as I might be, lady. I'm a rough fellow at best; but I'm dreadful soft-hearted where a woman is concerned. If you choose to look upon me as a friend and a straight man—one that never goes back on his word, you shan't be disappointed. Now then, how can I serve you?"

The big pocketbook had disappeared, and the girl's face softened at his rough gallantry. She extended one little hand frankly.

"Forgive me, sir; I know you are all that you seem. I cannot accept any pecuniary aid from you, or from any one. The landlord has offered me a situation as table-girl. I shall accept it, and in that way can pay our indebtedness. Thanks for your kindness. I shall not forget it."

With a little flitting smile she slipped past him, and went swiftly up the dark stair-way, while the driver proceeded to the bar-room, where the men were talking, laughing, smoking and drinking.

Here Hollister listened to a detailed account of the disappearance of Colonel Pressy, interspersed with various comments concerning him and his daughter Cora.

Pressy was stigmatized as a cheat, a villain, and a sponge—anything and everything, they called him, but an honest man. There were some expressions of sympathy for the girl, but it was easy to see that she was not liked. Miss Pressy had held herself too far aloof from every one in the house to win the approval of this free-and-easy Western community.

One loutish-looking fellow, leaning against the bar-rail, remarked now, with a sneering grin:

"That gal's a mighty stuck-up little critter—reckon she won't put on any more airs with me!" and he sent a stream of tobacco juice in a very skilful manner straight into the mouth of a spittoon which occupied the center of the room.

Hollister, who had been a silent listener until now, crossed leisurely to this extraordinary marksman, and, striking him a light blow upon the shoulder, said, evenly and distinctly:

"Look here, Jerry, you don't want to talk any more like that about Miss Pressy."

There was a dead silence for the space of half a minute, and then Jerry, laughing uneasily and flushing under the driver's keen eyes, said, with an attempt at facetiousness:

"Goin' to marry her, Frank?"

"I expect to," replied Frank, coolly, as he turned to select a cigar from the case.

There were no more insinuations against Cora Pressy in his hearing. The daughter of an unknown adventurer, no matter how thorough a lady she might seem, and the sweetheart of the jolly, keen-eyed, strong-armed, stage-driver, were two different persons; and when the lonely girl entered upon her new duties the next day she was surprised at the kindness and consideration of all about her.

Frank did not try to weaken the impression which his words had made. He knew that it would be her surest protection; and he felt an intense desire to protect and to help her—she was so delicate and sorrowful, so absolutely alone, now that her unnatural parent had deserted her.

Two or three uneventful days went by, Cora filling her new situation with satisfactory promptness. Every night, on the arrival of Hollister's stage, she was left to wait upon him in the dining-room.

She felt an instinctive confidence in this big, bluff, sun-burned fellow. There was a bond of sympathy growing between them which she had no desire to break.

One day, twenty miles down his route, Frank heard a bit of news which worked him into a fever of impatience. Never had the whip curled so sharply over the flanks of his sturdy horses; never had he made better time than on that day, when it seemed to him but a snail's pace.

At last, however, the stage drew up before the inn whose roof sheltered the girl who, in a few short days, had grown inexpressibly dear to the driver.

He held a hurried consultation with the hostler, which resulted in the latter agreeing to drive the stage on to its destination for a certain sum of money.

Then Frank went into the long dining-room, and, seating himself at one of the small tables in a secluded corner, he waited for Cora Pressy.

She came directly, bearing the fragrant cup of coffee with which he always refreshed himself after his long, cold ride.

He flushed to the roots of his crisply-curling brown hair as he smiled at her. She noticed it, and wondered silently, thinking, meanwhile, that he was not half a bad-looking fellow, with his broad brow, honest eyes, and firm lips.

"Miss Cora," he said, rather awkwardly, "I would like to have you ride with me this evening, if you will. I have something of importance to tell you," he added, hurriedly, growing redder than ever with embarrassment.

Cora looked at him wistfully. Was it something about her father? But she dared not put the thought into words—there were too many about. So she merely bowed her head in acceptance of his invitation, and went away.

Half an hour later, she was tucked into a trim little cutter beside him, dashing along over a white moon-lit road, and waiting anxiously for him to reveal the matter of importance at which he had hinted.

But Frank was curiously silent for a long while. It seemed to Cora that he would never speak. At last, with a sudden effort, he said:

"Miss Cora, you've known me only a few days, but you've seen enough of me to know that I am a blunt-spoken fellow, so I hope you won't be upset by what I'm going to say. I'm not much of a fine gentleman, but I haven't any very bad habits, and I make a fair living, and—and—well, I want a wife, little gal, and I love you. If you'll have me, I'll do my prettiest to make you the happiest woman in the county."

Cora smiled up at him through tear-filled eyes, and this gave him courage to slip one arm over the back of the cutter and draw her closer to his side.

She murmured something about being almost a stranger to him; but Frank, grown wonderfully bold pressed with his lips the lids over the girl's dark eyes, and queried:

"Do you love any other man?"

"No," she answered, honestly enough: "I believe you are the best man I ever know."

Whereupon Frank kissed her again, upon the lips this time, and made a second proposition, to which at first she would not listen. But the will and energy of her earnest-hearted wooer carried the day, and the result was a call upon a justice of peace, and when they re-entered the inn that night, the girl was Cora Pressy no longer, but Cora Hollister, and Frank's face was radiant and triumphant.

In the dingy waiting-room an excited crowd had gathered.

Frank endeavored to hurry his wife past the doorway, but her quick glance had caught the glance of a familiar figure.

"Father!" she cried, and stepped into the room.

Yes, there he was, haggard and dishevelled, with bloodshot eyes, and unshaven face. He might have been fine looking once. There was just the ghost of a debonair grace about him still despite his wretchedness. An officer guarded him on either side.

"What has he done?" cried Cora, with pallid lips.

Some one in the crowd answered brutally enough:

"Killed a brother gambler twenty miles back. They're taking him through to the city."

Then the poor little bride went into a dead faint into her husband's arms, and he carried her up stairs with his brown cheek against her white one.

All night he watched beside her while she went from one deathly swoon into another. At last in the gray morning she smiled sadly into her husband's eyes, and whispered:

"Do not be troubled. I will go away."

"Not if I can help it," answered Frank, with a grim set of his upper-lip.

Then all at once he put his face down on the pillow beside her and began to cry like a two-year-old baby.

With her slender hands she stroked the man's big curly head, and talked to him in a sweet, weary way that went straight to his warm heart.

"Dear friend," she said, "I know how unselfish you are, but I will not allow you to make such a sacrifice. You shall not share my shame."

"Look here, little woman, I knew all about this affair yesterday morning; that's why I was in such a rush to get married. I knew they would bring Colonel Pressy through here, and I knew if I did not make sure of you then, that I never should get you. My little darling wife," he went on, kissing her hair, and eyes, and lips; "thank God, nothing can separate us—nothing but death."

And looking into her husband's eyes, Cora knew that here was her safe home and shelter for evermore.

My readers would set me down as an unsatisfactory story teller were I to omit the sequel.

Colonel Pressy committed suicide a month later in his prison cell.

Frank took his little wife away to his eastern home, where she lives a contended little matron, proud and happy in her husband's love, and the possession of a cooing, bright-faced baby.

A King in Disguise.

BY J. CLEGG.

AT his capital—Vienna—the German Emperor, Joseph II., maintained no brilliant Court; nor did he hold great state, save when important affairs of the empire demanded it.

It was his habit, on all possible opportunities, to go among his people—the poorer the better; and he liked best to go alone, and incog.

Day after day, and night after night, did the popular and beloved Emperor spend the hours in walking around in the heart and in the suburbs of his capital, studying critically the habits and characteristics of his subjects, rich and poor, and marking out for future examination and settlement all such cases as he deemed worthy of especial notice.

Early one morning, while on one of his solitary peregrinations, he found himself in the extreme northern suburbs of the city, close by the Jeidersdorf Barrier, where he saw a crowd of people gathering around a cart that had been stopped at the great gates.

He was at the time habited in the garb of an humble citizen, and no one knew him.

He might have been taken for a mechanic on a holiday, or for a third or fourth-rate tradesman.

He pressed forward, and mingled with the crowd.

He soon discovered that the inspector of the barrier had stopped a poor woodman from the country, who had in charge a cart loaded with firewood, and accusing him of having tobacco or spirit concealed beneath his wood, had commanded that the load should be thrown off then and there, that he might fully satisfy himself.

The countryman was an honest-looking man.

He had on his cart a heavy load, carefully and neatly stowed, consigned to a gentleman of the city, whom he named.

Said he to the inspector:—

"Think what an amount of work and what a loss of time will be entailed upon me by the execution of your order; and I do assure you that my time and the time of my horse is very valuable. I have never smuggled anything, and I never will. Now, good sir, if you will allow one of your assistants to go with me, and keep me company until my wood is all unloaded, you will accomplish all that you desire, and do me a great favor."

"Nonsense!" was the response of the big-feeling official. "The time of my people is also valuable, I would have you understand."

"Indeed, sir," pleaded the poor man, "I would rather pay your man for his time than stop here for such a tedious and unnecessary work."

"It is for me, sirrah, to judge what is necessary. Off with your wood! Off with it! Zounds! Your hesitation looks very much like guilt."

At this point, the Emperor, elbowing his way forward, addressed the inspector.

"My good sir,"—speaking with great respect—"I think it must be evident that this man is honest in his statement. It would be a pity to put him to so much expense and trouble; and, moreover, I will myself volunteer to go with him and see that he has nothing contraband in his load, or I will accompany one of your own people."

"Oho!" cried the official, loudly and insultingly. "An accomplice, I do believe! Say, fellow"—to the woodman—"is not this man thy companion in iniquity?"

"Neither is that man my companion, nor am I used to doing iniquity. Yet I thank him most kindly for his friendly interest in my behalf."

"Knave!" vociferated the inspector, now fairly insulting in his rage, and pretending to be dangerous; "do you unload your wood. Off with it, to the very last stick, if necessary. And let me see another man interfere. By my life! I will make it bad for him."

Joseph, not caring to suffer more from the irate man's tongue, and not being willing to expose himself to the gaping crowd, turned for the purpose of making his way out from the press; as he did so he caught the wondering gaze of a commissioned officer of the Corps de Garde, who had recognized him.

Him the Emperor took quietly by the arm, and led him away.

"Lieutenant," he said, as soon as they were free from the crowd, "you have seen and heard."

"Yes, sire; and I have seen that same officer, on previous occasions, insult honest people when there was no earthly need. Only two days ago I saw him stop a poor woman from the country, who had four large baskets filled with eggs, carefully packed in straw. She was impatient at being stopped; and he, in revenge, made her unpack every egg before he would allow her to pass the barrier."

"Zounds! we will punish him. Now look you. Go to your barracks, and call out a sergeant's guard, under arms. Come with the soldiers directly to this place, and watch narrowly the unloading of the wood. If in the end there shall be found no tobacco, or any contraband articles—as I am very sure there will not—you will cause the inspector, with his own hands, to reload the wood in as good order as he found it; also, you will make him pay to the woodman three ducats for his loss of time and trouble; and then, to close, you will cause your sergeant to give him twenty lashes with the carter's whip, in punishment for the gross insults which he offered to respectable citizens who have kindly expostulated with him."

The lieutenant bowed and promised that the orders should be promptly and faithfully executed.

Meantime the poor woodman was busy at unloading his wood.

The inspector attempted to prevent the bystanders from assisting him; but in this he was unsuccessful, for they knew the law, and they knew that there was no law in the land that could debar them from such an act of mercy and good-nature.

At length the last stick of wood had been removed from the cart and nothing out of the way had been found.

"All right," said the inspector, with a coarse laugh. "Now you may put your load back in place and be off with you; and you may consider yourself fortunate that you get off so easily."

"Hold!" shouted a voice from the outskirts of the crowd, and thereupon a lieutenant, with a sergeant and twelve soldiers of the city guard, pressed forward to the cart. "Mr. Inspector, you are to put that wood back into the cart in good order, just as it was before. You will do it with your own hands. Beyond that, you are to pay, from your own pocket, three ducats to this poor woodman, to make up to him for his time lost and his labor and trouble."

The officer of the barrier stood aghast.

He dare not quarrel with a lieutenant of the Corps de Garde.

He demanded to know by whose authority this order was issued.

"By authority of the Emperor himself," was the answer. "He was here, and saw and heard all. Come, make haste, because I have another order to execute, of which I have not yet informed you."

There was no getting away from it.

Ordinarily the woodman would have lent a helping hand and hurried forward the reloading; but not so in the present case.

It did him good to see the inspector puffing and sweating over his task; and when he remembered that his time was to be paid for he did not mind waiting.

Enough to say, the wood was all replaced in the cart; and the three ducats were paid to the honest countryman for his loss of time and extra labor.

Then the soldiers—two of the strongest of them—seized the inspector and lashed him to one of the gate-posts, when twenty lashes with the carter's whip were dealt out to him.

He was not made to remove his jacket, for the lieutenant knew it was not the pain which Joseph had intended, only the shame and ignominy; and this the victim got to the full.

And we may venture the assertion that thenceforth he was very careful not to overstep the bounds of a decent and proper exercise of authority.

Not a very imperial or dignified manner of meting out justice, some may say; yet Joseph's people loved him, and the poor and the down-trodden loved him best of all, for he was most emphatically the Poor Man's Friend.

A MARRIAGE AUCTION.—The account which follows is taken from a historian of Babylon, who wrote of the fifth century before Christ; and it may undoubtedly be relied upon as a correct picture of the time. Those old Babylonians believed in marriage; and if the woman old enough to marry did not find a husband of her own good fortune, then she must be provided by the public. And, to this end, an auction of unmarried women took place annually.

The most beautiful of the girls were first put up, and the man of good character, who bid the highest sum took his choice. And so they went on until the apparently desirable wives were all disposed of. In some instances, where young ladies of rare beauty were presented, large sums were paid—such sums, in fact, as only a man of means could afford.

After all the pretty and good-looking

women had been disposed of, there were sure to be some for whom no one would make an offer; and some there were whom no no man would take except he were paid for it. And now came bidding in the other direction. Instead of the man saying how much he would give for the wife, he said for what sum, cash in hand he would accept her. The woman unfortunate enough to be homely, but healthy and strong, was put up and bid off to the man who would take her for the least money. Naturally, there would be a few homely ones, whom no one would take except he was paid a large sum. And thus it might happen that the large sum paid by one man to the most beautiful of the young girls would be paid to another man for accepting the plainest and he rest of the lot.

In this way, the sums paid for the desirable wives became marriage portions to the unfortunately undesirable ones. So in the end the sale was completed and the docket successfully cleared.

There is one thought that forces its way upon us. How often do you suppose it happened that one of these men who had been paid to take a homely-faced wife found himself in the end possessed of a treasure? And, on the other hand, how many of those who had been attracted by a beautiful face, and had paid a large sum of money for their choice, would, before the year was out, have gladly exchanged for one of the plainer-faced?

The Magic Ring.

BY HARTLEY RICHARDS.

NEAR the palace of King Latis was a fairy ring; and every night came there and danced the little folk in green, and kept up such a fiddling and scraping that his majesty (who was nervous) couldn't sleep a wink.

So one day in a rage he ordered his servants to plough up the ring and sow it with corn; and though the queen and all the courtiers begged him on their knees to forbear, King Latis never rested until the last blade of grass was turned up under the plough.

The fairies disappeared, and the king could sleep at night.

When Theor was born he was such a frightful monster, that the nurses were afraid of him, and his own mother hated him.

East, west, north and south, the king sent for magicians.

They all shook their heads when they saw the prince and returned the same answer.

"The only magic that can cure him is that of love; and he must weave the spell himself.

So Theor grew to be a man, and he could hunt, fight, ride and sing.

He knew the languages of every nation and that of birds.

He could read the heavens and talk with the winds.

Of what use was it all, when he had but one eye, was lame and humpbacked?

Though Latis was a great king, not one of his neighbours would give him a wife for his son, because the fame of his ugliness had gone abroad; while the people of his own kingdom and the courtiers loudly declared that such a monster should never reign over them.

And so one day, Theor, who had heard what the magicians had said, put on his finger the ruby ring that had been given his father by Lilla, queen of the fairies, and started off to learn what this magic of love might be.

At night he came to a cottage, where he heard someone weeping bitterly, and going in he saw a man lying dead on a bed, and beside him his daughter, one of the loveliest maidens in the world, with hair like sunbeams, and a blush like that on a rose-leaf, but she was blind.

Theor, who had a tender heart, set himself to comfort her.

He sang her all the songs of Ura, his nurse, and told her tales out of the books of the wise men.

He went hunting and brought her home game and fruit.

He led her out in the sunlight, and wove wreaths for her hair, and told her how the brook sparkled, and the light filtered in on the cool, green turf, and what the birds were saying.

And in this way months passed, and Ilda, for that was her name, came to love him better than she had ever done her father.

"But I am a monster," said Theor. "You would hate me as I should see me. My own mother cannot endure to look at me."

But Ilda always answered:—

"Nay; I am sure I shall always love you."

And time still passed on, till Theor chanced to remember the ring that he wore.

Now, in this thing it was peculiar, whoever wore it could wish for anything for those whom they loved best.

"I will not give her sight, for she would hate me," thought Theor; "but she shall have a palace instead of this cottage."

So he turned the ring and wished, and there sprang up a castle with marble towers, and the doors were of cedar, the walls of mirrors, and the staircases of oak, and the hangings of cloth of gold.

Gardens stretched out around it on every side, and music sounded in all its halls; but still Theor felt that she was unsatisfied.

"She is lonely," he thought.

And he wished again: and all the halls were filled with lovely girls, whose business it was to wait and sing to Ilda.

"Of what use is it all, since she cannot see the beauty?" thought he. "She will hate me; but she shall see!"

And wishing again, her eyes were opened.

At all she saw she wondered, but especially at her own beauty, as she stood before a mirror, and saw there her golden curls and soft violet eyes.

Theor would have hidden himself, but turning, she spied him.

"What is that frightful creature?" she asked; "and where is Theor?"

"I am he," answered Theor. "I told you you would hate me."

And he ran out of the castle into the forest, and wished to die.

But presently he heard light footsteps coming after him.

"Come back," said Ilda, "for I love you. The castle is beautiful, but it could never give me ears and comfort me as you have done. Its gardens are lovely, but they can neither sing nor talk like you. My maidens are as fair as I, but their chatter is as unmeaning as the wind sounding among the leaves. Of what use, then, is this beauty of which you think so much, if it can neither comfort, protect, nor amuse me."

So Theor went back to the castle, and lying down on a sofa, fell fast asleep.

Then Ilda took the ring from his finger, and placing it on her own, said softly, "I will that Theor become as fair as I."

And at once he started up, one of the handsomest princes in the world.

Then sang all the birds and flowers in the forest, "There is no magic so mighty as that of loving looks and hearts."

DOES HE MEAN ANYTHING.—If there be any one subject which has a fascination for the girls of a family, it is the probable intention of the young men permitted to visit the home.

When Harry, or John, or James have called a few times, Annie, or Bell, and Lottie will begin to talk, and their talk may be summed up in one phrase, "Does he mean anything?"

As for the young man himself, his course is clear. If he has no intentions of marrying and settling down, he certainly should be careful about making a particular favorite of any one sister.

He may enjoy the one friendship of all, and should prize it. Nothing, all the world over, is so likely to keep a young fellow within bounds as a close intimacy with a home full of bright, pure-minded, honorable maidens.

Whatever may happen to him in after years, however prosperous he may be, the remembrances of evenings spent in society like this will always be sweet and delightful.

If the young fellow, however, is really looking out for a wife, this is the best chance he can get for winning one. With the privilege of calls at all times, the latter sees the family at home, out of company dress and free from company manners.

He will see, too, the girls' natural dispositions, watch how they occupy themselves, note the way they dress; whether they are selfish, or full of kindly solicitude; and, in fact, learn what each is really like.

On the other hand, impulsive young ladies must not expect a man to make up his mind in a minute. Those are wisely who take some little time to think over so important a matter.

If a wedding were like a picnic, a mere matter of half a dozen hours, of social company, engagements would be as trifling as a morning call.

But when it comes to spending a lifetime with a stranger—to seeing the same face across the table so long as your years shall last—it behooves both men and maidens to gravely consider the matter.

After the choice is made, however, there is no need for a long engagement. Twelve months is more than long enough, if the happy lover has the means to furnish a comfortable little home for his bride, and if she is willing to start that double life together which may be made so wonderfully happy, or marred so cruelly by ill-assorted tastes and dispositions.

BELLS.—At the temple of Kroto, Japan, is the great bell cast in 1633. It is eighteen feet high, nine feet in diameter, and nine and one-half inches thick. Its weight is nearly seventy-four tons. About 1,500 pounds of gold are said to have been incorporated in the composition. Its tone is magnificent. When struck with the open hand its sound can be heard at a distance of a hundred yards.

A CRUSADE against pie has begun in California by an anti-pie society, which has asked for a legislative enactment prohibiting its sale and manufacture, as unhealthy.

If Your Cough is Growing More Troublesome,

If you are losing flesh and strength, and are beginning to have night-sweats or any of the well-known and alarming symptoms that indicate pulmonary trouble, write to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, stating your case exactly, and ask their opinion as to your condition, and whether they have treated similar cases with their new Vitalizing Remedy. It will cost you nothing, as they make no charge for consultations. They will, at the same time that they reply to your enquiries, furnish you with such documents and reports of cases will enable you to determine whether in your own case cure is possible.

New Publications.

From R. Hoe & Co.of press fame, through Root & Tinker; Tribune Building, New York, a copy of the new engraving "Representative London Journalists" is sent us. It contains photographs and reproductions on a small scale of *fac simile* papers of the papers they represent.

"A Hard Heart," from the German of Golo Raimund, by S. H., is the story of a great wrong hardly atoned and generously forgiven. The plot is very dramatic in interest, is well constructed and artistically carried out. The characters are spiritedly drawn, and with genuine power. The tone of the book is somewhat gloomy, but the work as a whole is characterized by a force and fervor that excite and hold the attention. It has the native marks of the German novel, but in less number and intensity than the majority of cases. Well printed on good strong paper and in fine large type. Price $1,25. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

Although some may think more highly of her than others, it is impossible to deny that most people enjoy the works of "Ouida." They will therefore hear with pleasure the announcement of her latest production "Princess Napraxine." It has all the brilliant qualities of this authoress's pen, and equals in all respects the best of her stories. Price, paper covers, 531 pages, 40 cents. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

"Fridolin's Mystical Marriage. A Study of an Original, Founded on Reminiscences of a Friend," by Adolf Wilbrandt, and translated from the German by Clara Bell, is the original and unusual title of an equally strange story. There is not much effort shown in the book, and neither plot nor characters, (outside of Fridolin himself) marked by great power. There is a pleasure, however, in reading it, and a charm in its apparently unstrained simplicity and freshness, that make it more than usually attractive reading. It is odd but at the same time good. Gottsberger, New York, Publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates.

We have received the second of the Young Folks Library "Margie's Mission" by Marie Oliver. In these works care is taken to blend a highly interesting plot, plenty of incident, lively narrative and character, with a good moral tone. The latter is not made too prominent, so a reading of one of the series conveys pleasure and, mental benefit at the same time. "Margie's Mission" is an interesting, good one, but what it is we will not, by telling our young readers, deprive them of the satisfaction of finding out for themselves. Printed in large type, good paper, and with stiff back 400 pages. Price 25 cents. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Publishers.

The Chautauqua movement has been extended to include the young folks, who already have a "Reading Union." They are now to have an illustrated periodical of high character, which will be issued in July by the Publishers of the *Wide Awake* magazine, D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, who will send it free for two months to any of our readers who may request it.

MAGAZINES.

That splendid publication the *Magazine of Art* for July among other matter of a most interesting character to the student, contains the following articles, the majority of which are greatly illustrated, with full page, and smaller engravings: The Gladiator's Wife, By River and Sea; Of Judith; Greek Masters in Greek Art; Elephas and the Porcupine; The Marvel of the World; Prolific Exhibitors; The Keramics of Fine Fontainebleau, six engravings; etc., etc. There are also well filled departments in which the artist and art lover will find much to amuse and instruct. Yearly subscription $3.50. Single number 35 cents. Cassell & Co., 739 Broadway, New York.

Demorest's Illustrated Monthly, for July embraces a variety of reading well calculated to entertain and instruct. Some of the articles most interesting being: Through Normandy on Wheels; Glimpses of German Society, seen through American Eyes; How We Live in New York, by Jennie June; The True Story of Amy Robsart; etc. etc. The steel engraving, "The Storm," is very fine, and the illustrations generally good.

Some suggestions for the improvement of the existing jury system, presented by Judge Robert C. Pitman in the *North American Review* for July, under the title of Juries and Jurymen, should, in view of recent notorious miscarriages of justice, receive the serious consideration of every thoughtful citizen. American Economics, by Prof. Van Buren Denslow, is a lucid and forcible exposition of the grounds upon which the protection theory of national economy is based. Judge Noah Davis writes of Marriage and Divorce; Dr. P. Bender, whose subject is The Annexation of Canada, sets forth the advantages likely to accrue to the United States from the absorption of the Canadian provinces; Prof. D. Mott Monroe, in an argument against Government Telegraphy, subjects the management of the Post Office to a most searching criticism; Charles T. Congdon writes of Private Vengeance; and, finally, there is a symposium on the Future of the Negro, by Senator Z. B. Vance, Frederick Douglass, Joel Chandler Harris, Senator John T. Morgan, Prof. Richard T. Greener, Gen. S. C. Armstrong, Oliver Johnson, and others. The North American Review, New York.

Lippincott's Magazine for July has a good supply of excellent summer reading. Miss Mary Agnes Tincker's new serial, "Aurora," begins very promisingly. Frank B. Sewall's Recollections of Ralph Waldo Emerson give pleasant reminiscences of the Concord sage. Three Months in Chili, by James S. Whitman, and Two Miles of the Shenandoah, a fishing sketch, by Edward C. Bruce, are delightful sketches of travel and out-door life. Sarah M. S. Pereira contributes the first of two striking papers called Life in a Russian Province. There are two excellent short stories: At the Princess Ida's, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, and The Romance of the Elm, by Lizzie W. Champney. Mr. Franklin B. Gowen, ex-President of the Reading R. R. Co., contributes a translation of Thekla's Song, by Schiller, and there are other good things in verse and prose, including some excellent critical papers. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

The Popular Science Monthly has the following contents for July. The Great Political Superstitions, by Herbert Spencer; Concerning Dry Rot; The New Theology, by Rev. George G. Lyon; Our Debt to Insects, by Grant Allen; The Fruits of Manual Training; Are Science and Art Antagonistic? by M. M. Guyau; The Volcanic Eruption at Krakatau, Illustrated; The Prevention of Hydrophobia, by M. Louis Pasteur; The Morality of the Press, by Thomas Foster; Diseases of plants, by D. P. Penhallow; A Reptant to Bismate, by Dr. A. Bergmann; Grandpa's Bandy-legged Children, Illustrated; Sketch of Averroes, by George Jackson Fisher, M. D., with portrait; Editor's Table; The Survival of Political Superstitions; Prominent Light on Liberal Education; Literary notices; Popular Miscellany; Notes, etc. Appleton & Co., New York.

Wide Awake one of the best juvenile magazines published, contains for July a splendid lot of reading. To add to its attractiveness, elegant engravings teem over its pages. Almost every article is grandly illustrated with from one to six, eight, or ten beautiful pictures. Among the articles are stories, poetry, miscellaneous articles, a page or so of music specially for the young, interesting departments filled with information most useful and entertaining. Everything is so good, that we cannot rightly refer to a few without speaking of all, and there are so many, the only proper way to do them justice is to become a subscriber to the magazine, and so read them all. Price $3 00 per year. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Publishers.

The Eclectic Magazine for July contains the cream of the leading foreign monthly and other high-class periodicals. Among its articles are: Fashionable Philosophy; Our Debt to Insects; Romance in the Suppression of Books; Cardinal Newman; Some Neglected Periods of History; The Mad Czar; Wordsworth and Byron; A Strange Story; Emerson; De La Vallière; Circe; Marriage from the Chinese Point of View; etc., etc. There are also departments of Library Notices; Foreign notes, and Miscellany which contain much good matter. E. R. Pelton, Publisher, 25 Bond Street, New York. Price, Single numbers, 45 cents.

Among the contents of that excellent publication *Lippincott's Magazine* for July are the following articles some of which are finely illustrated: Suburbs of New York; Aurora, a story; June Days; Three Months in Chili; Recollections of Ralph Waldo Emerson; At the Princess Ida's, a story; Off San Salvador; The Romance of the Elm; Thekla's Song, from the German of Franklin B. Gowen; Healthy Homes; etc. The departments likewise are well filled with good matter. Price twenty-five cents per copy.

GERTIE'S MARRIAGE.—"Who is Gertie married to?" Is he well off?

I did not hear the answer in the passing crowd. I only heard the question. But, as I went on, I said to myself, "Has he health and strength, and a will to do his best?" This unknown somebody who has married Gertie, has he trust and tenderness, and a memory of his marriage vow in his soul? Has he a hate for vice and a love for virtue, and the courage of his opinions? Has he honor and independence? And, above all, has he a heart full of love for the woman he has made his wife, so that no other woman can ever be so dear?"

If he has these things, Gertie, whoever she is, has surely "married well," though the expected answer as to riches should be that he has only so much a week as will buy their daily bread-and-butter, and an honest will to use them.

But if, on the contrary, he is a fashionable fool, with an elegant array of vices, mental powers which he allows to rust, vanity that leads him into flirtations which will break his wife's heart and a contempt for homely, old-fashioned family affection—if he has for the woman he has chosen only a fleeting passion that will die with her bloom, then, though he has millions in gold and lands, poor Gertie has married badly indeed. M. S.

"MY son," said an old man, "always be polite." "To everybody?" "Yes, everybody. Be polite to those you owe and those you desire to owe. By observing this rule you will pretty well cover the case."

PLEASANT for Tribble, you know, who has been practicing on a tenor solo for one year for the past three months. He sings it at Miss Lacrosse's musicale, and Slowboy, who does not sing, congratulates him on the delightful trouble the song. You ought to learn that same tune, and sing it for us."

If your hair is getting thin, the application of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer will promote a thick, new growth.

Our Young Folks.

HARRY AND BOB.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

A VERY pretty room was the nursery of Fairfield House, and the rocking-chair in it was really a very comfortable seat.

Altogether, there seemed to be no reason why the boy in the chair should look so very cross.

He was not a big boy or a very old one, being not quite eleven.

He had black hair and bonnie brown eyes, and would have been a very pretty boy if there had not been such a black scowl upon his face.

This boy's name was Henry Lewis. He was generally called Harry, or Hal, but his proper name was Henry.

He had been sitting in the chair nearly two hours.

Usually he never sat still for two minutes, so that it was very evident something was wrong.

As I said before, he had been sitting in the same place for nearly two hours, and it is probable that he would have sat there for two hours more, if his sister May had not entered.

Although May was Harry's twin-sister, she was very unlike him in appearance and character.

Her hair was quite fair, and her eyes dark blue.

She was smiling, and looked pleased; and as she came in she did not notice Harry, for her back was turned towards him, until he said, gruffly:

"Well, what is he like?"

"Why, Hal, there you are! We have been looking for you. Tea is ready, and Bob has come."

A grunt was the only answer that Harry gave his sister.

She turned to leave the room, but he stopped her by saying:

"Well, you un, but just tell me what he is like."

"I think he is very nice, but I can't tell yet. He is such a tall boy: and only fancy! though he is only thirteen, he wears trousers!" said May.

"There, I knew he would be horrid; did I not say so?"

Before he had finished—indeed, whilst he was speaking, a boy came in.

"Cousin May, Aunt Mary told me to fetch you to tea. Is that my other cousin?"

He turned and pointed to Harry as he spoke.

Harry looked rather uncomfortable, but managed to say something, and held out his hand.

"How do you do?" said Bob; "I hope you won't think I'm horrid when you know me."

The tea-bell rang, preventing any further conversation.

Harry had been very cross ever since he had heard his cousin was coming to spend a week with him, and had refused to go to the station.

After tea was over he asked if he might go to bed, as he was tired.

Next morning, at the breakfast-table, Bob asked his aunt if she had seen two of his books which he had left downstairs the night before.

He seemed very much concerned, and hunted for them pretty much all the morning.

May helped to look for them, but Harry refused to do so.

Indeed, he only spoke once, and that was to remark that "there was a place for everything; and if people left their books about they were sure to be lost."

After dinner May and Bob went for a walk together.

As they were returning home they saw Harry running along with two books in his hand.

"Why, May, he has got my books," said Bob, and he ran after Harry as fast as he could.

At first Harry did not notice him, but directly he did he began running as quickly as he could.

They disappeared round a corner of the lane, and when May reached them they were quarrelling.

Bob was holding Harry by the ear, and was saying, in a very loud and excited voice:

"I tell you what, if you don't let me see those books I'll thrash you, though you are my cousin!"

"Oh, Bob," said May, "do let him go; he will show you if you ask him kindly. Do be quiet, boys!"

"I shan't tell him what the books are, or show them to him," said Harry, in an injured tone.

"Oh, do," said May.

"They are not his books at all, and I—— Oh!"

He gave a little scream as Bob pinched his ear.

"Why, yes they are my books! I know they are; and you shall give them up," said Bob.

"Let me look at the books, Harry," begged May.

After a good deal of persuasion Harry consented.

Bob let him go, and then found that the books were not the lost ones, but some of Harry's own.

"Now, Mr. Clever, perhaps you are satisfied?" said Harry, ironically, "and perhaps another time you will think twice before you say that people have taken your books."

He then picked up his hat, which had fallen off in the struggle, and making a polite bow to the unhappy couple, walked off.

May looked at Bob, and Bob looked at May.

Then, without a word, they started for home.

This accident did not tend to make the cousins better friends.

Bob apologized to Harry for making such a mistake, and offered to give his cousin his big knife if he would forget all about it and be friends.

Harry refused.

Time passed on quickly. Nothing happened to reconcile the boys, and at last Friday morning came.

It had been arranged that Bob was to return home on Saturday.

Some people say that Friday is an "unlucky" day; but this day certainly was not.

In the morning Bob and Harry were almost enemies, and in the evening they were friends.

This is how it happened:

Harry was not very fond of all animals, but he had a pet—a small kitten. He had found it on the top of a wall, too frightened to jump down.

Some mischievous boys must have put it there.

Harry had rescued it, and ever since it had been his pet.

He had called it Midget, and tied blue ribbon around its neck.

On this particular Friday, when Harry came to bring its milk, it had disappeared.

Harry was grieved, and searched everywhere for his lost pet.

He asked Bob to help him find her, but Bob refused.

Dinner-time came, and still there was no kitten.

In the afternoon Mrs. Lewis took the three out for a walk.

Harry wished to stop at home to look for his dear Midget, but his mother said it would be much better for him to have a good walk, and look for the cat afterwards.

Neither Harry nor Bob enjoyed the walk, for they did not speak to each other the whole way.

The way home led through a field, in which was a pond. It might almost have been called a ditch, for it was very shallow and small.

May noticed that there was a large crowd of boys, and called Bob's attention to this.

Both children were, of course, very anxious to find out what was the matter, and, having obtained Mrs. Lewis' consent, they ran to see.

Harry said he didn't care to go, and went on with his mother.

They reached home, and as he was busy looking for Midget, and as Mrs. Lewis was busy, they didn't notice that Bob and May did not return.

Tea was ready.

And just as the bell rang Bob and May appeared.

They were both excited, and May was carrying something.

"Oh, Hal, here it is!" said Bob. "I am so glad I have found it; but I was only just in time, and am very wet, as I tumbled in."

"What do you mean, Bob? What have you found? And what did you tumble into?" said Harry, coldly.

But he quickly changed his manner when he saw what May held.

The mysterious parcel contained his lost kitten.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Bob! You are very kind. But, oh my, how wet you are! how——"

"Yes, just think," interrupted May; "the boys had put poor Midget into an old basket, and were sending her out on the pond when we got there.

"Bob didn't seem to mind the boys a bit; he sent them away, and then, while trying to reach Midget, he fell in.

"Oh, how I was frightened! I thought he would be drowned; but he wasn't, you see, and here we are all safe."

Just as May finished this speech mamma appeared.

She told Bob to change his clothes, and May to take off her out-of-door garments.

She rejoiced with Harry that the kitten was found, and, in fact, did everything the children expected her to do.

At tea the whole story was told her, and she said she was very glad, not only because Midget was safe, but because she hoped that now the cousins would be good friends.

They all spent a happy evening together, and when Bob went home next morning, Harry went to the station to see him off, and told him he was very sorry that he was going.

His last words, as the train started off, were:

"Good-bye, dear cousin! I'm sorry I was cross; and I don't think now that you are 'horrid!'"

A CURIOUS MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—In 1785 there was exhibited at Paris a musical instrument called a "glassechord," which was the invention of a German named Beyer. It had keys like a piano, with bars of glass instead of wire strings. As the instrument-makers did not view it with favor it is little known, and it is supposed the secret of its construction and mechanism was buried with the unfortunate inventor. It was Franklin who called it the "glassechord."

SAVED BY A DOG.

BY F. B. NELSON.

THE wide river blazed with sunset sunlight.

The air was full of the scent of magnolias.

There was no sight that was not beautiful, no sound that was not sweet, at Vue d'Lere.

A pink glow fell over Emma Haughton's figure as she stood on the wide lawn among the cape-myrtles, all in pink flowers, awaiting the coming of her husband.

Nothing could have been more exquisite than the pure curves of her face, nothing more perfect than the infantile gold of her clustering hair.

And her beauty suited the delicacy and sweetness of her spirit.

Her husband, Guy Haughton, who had moved in the great world for five-and-twenty years, knew more of its evil than she had ever dreamed.

As she stood there under the rosy branches of the cape-myrtles, a great dog, with a curly chestnut coat, suddenly bounded out of the shrubbery.

He paused at sight of her, posed with one foot uplifted, eyeing her wistfully.

Then a young man in his shirt-sleeves came out of the shadows of the trees.

"Lon," said Mrs. Haughton, "whose dog is this?"

"Mine," replied Lon Mackenzie, advancing.

"He is very handsome."

"Yes he is."

"I did not know that you had a dog, Lon."

The gardener—a dark, wiry, handsome fellow—smiled.

"I went to town yesterday with Mr. Haughton, to get an order for some young trees.

"A gentleman going away on the steamer gave him to Mr. Haughton, and he gave him to me. I call it on Monday, for the day I got him, you see."

Mrs. Haughton smiled indulgently.

"I am very glad you have him, Lon. It is lonely sometimes on the sands, isn't it?"

"Yes," he answered.

"How are your father and mother?" she questioned.

"About the same."

"They are very old and infirm. You are a good son, Lon."

Lon smiled.

The dog fawned on him, standing nearly to his shoulder.

"Down, Monday!"

"His coat is fine and chestnut-colored, like the hair of a lady," said Mrs. Haughton.

A buggy whirled up the drive.

Guy Haughton had arrived.

* * * * * *

That night, his young wife dreaming innocent dreams, Guy Haughton was arrested for forgery.

The stern arm of the law drew him from the delights of his home to the cell of a prison.

It was a direful day.

No light could be seen to lift the pall of darkness.

A check had been presented at one of the principal banks of the city, signed by a name which proved to be falsely rendered.

It had been received from Mr. Haughton's gardener, Lon Mackenzie, and Lon, on being searched for, was found to be missing.

In the night, but a few hours previous to the arrest of Mr. Haughton, he had left his home, a cottage on the sandy banks of the river.

But no one believed that the young gardener was guilty.

The trick was too bold, of too great magnitude, for the work of an uneducated man.

He had been a tool of others—of that sharp, brilliant master, of his, they said.

And, with part of the notes found in Mr. Haughton's office-desk, who could even doubt it?

Only, Lon had discovered his danger, and ran away.

So the community said.

Flint, the detective knew better.

He came and stationed himself on the outskirts of the city, and did a little trading between the freedmen, who had "truck patches," and the shippers of Southern fruits to Northern markets.

By-and-by he found a beautiful quadroon girl cultivating strawberries. She spoke sweetly — she could read and write.

Flint managed to see her every day for three weeks.

She had told him her name was Rosy. She and her mother owned the cabin and the strawberry-patch.

She was industrious, modest, respected, yet she looked sadder than most of her class.

Professionally, she was an object of great interest to Detective Flint.

He watched her face, he listened to the tones of her voice, to her very breathing, when he questioned her.

She talked with him in a simple, modest fashion.

She showed little interest in the trouble at Vue d'Lere, even though she had occasionally sold strawberries to Mrs. Haughton.

She had seen the missing gardener, Lon Mackenzie, once or twice, she said.

She always went on with her work steadily during these conversations.

Flint knew that a Southern girl, either black or white, seldom does that—seldom or never chats and labors.

His watch of Rosy grew more vigilant.

He went to the cabin one day, making an excuse of wanting some washing done by Rosy's mother.

Rosy came to the door. She wore a white blouse, a red ribbon at the throat, and a skirt of dark worsted stuff.

As she stood in the doorway, shading her black-lashed eyes with her slim hand, the sun fell full upon her dress.

"I suppose now you have to keep a dog to prevent the negroes from stealing your strawberries?" said Flint.

"No," she answered, quietly, "we keep no dog."

"Don't like them, perhaps?"

"Some dogs," replied Rosy, looking sadder than before.

"What colored dogs, now?" persisted Flint, in a careless manner, as he lit his pipe.

A faint crimson stained her creamy cheek.

"I think brown dogs are the prettiest," she said, thoughtfully — "brown and curly."

At midnight all was still about the cabin.

The salt tide swelled up the river. The white-sailed boats flitted noiselessly down.

The trumpet-vine stirred in the breeze on the old sea-wall. The bushes stood in dark clumps on the dusky banks.

Under these bushes a man lay smoking.

At a slight sound he turned the fire from his pipe down among the dewy grasses.

A dog came running down the shore. He leaped up the bank, sprang past him, and scratched at Rosy's cabin-door.

He was instantly admitted.

Half an hour and he was noiselessly let out.

A small basket was hung about his neck. He trotted down the shore.

Flint crawled out from under the bushes and followed the dog.

It was Monday!

Faithful sagacious Monday!—he was licking the hand of his master, hidden in a deserted fig-thicket, when they came upon him—strong officers of the law, against whom resistance is useless.

Detective Flint had been joined by two other men.

Lon Mackenzie was drawn from the retreat and conducted to prison.

There he confessed to the forgery. He was singularly gifted with the power of imitating penmanship. He had implicated Mr. Haughton by placing the bills in his desk.

He had coveted the money to enable him to marry Rosy, he said.

Rosy and Monday had fed him for nearly a month.

He had made his confession, clearing Guy Haughton, and then—liberty is sweet!—Love laughs at prison-bars—Monday came into the prison with a tiny file hidden in his brown, curly coat.

The prisoner was missed next morning, and Rosy and Monday were missing too.

And this time Detective Flint was baffled.

"How did you find the clue before?" he was asked.

"I saw the dog's hair on the girl's dress. A peculiar color. I knew he had been fawning on her. But the fellow is off this time for good and all. Gone over the water."

So spoke Detective Flint, out of his knowledge of the guild.

WHY THE DAUPHIN WAS SO CALLED.—When France was under monarchy the King's eldest son was styled the Dauphin. The title arose in this way: the rulers of the province of Dauphiné in the south-east of France were named by the name Dauphin because they wore the figure of a fish, the dolphin, in their crest. The last of these lords, Hubert II., dying childless, bequeathed his possessions to Philip VI. of France, on condition that the heir apparent to the French throne should bear the title of Dauphin or Dolphin. Under the Valois and Bourbon dynasties this title was duly adopted, but after the revolution of 1830 it was abolished.

HARNESS BLACKING.—The following composition is said to give excellent results. Orange shellac, 1 lb.; alcohol (45 per cent) or wood naphtha, 1 gallon; dissolve; asphaltum (genuine), 1 lb.; neat's foot oil (hot), 4 fluid ozs.; soften the asphaltum with the oil and mix it with the lac solution; then add fine ivory black, q. s., and bitter almond oil, 1 oz. Agitate until uniform mixture is effected, and bottle.

"WE need a change," says a Kentucky paper. We would respectfully call the attention of dealers in furnishing goods to the above.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

TOGETHER.

BY RIFA.

A fairy skiff in a stream was lying—
  A skiff with a silken sail;
In a forest of fire the day was dying,
  And daintily stirred the gale;
When a maiden fair and a gallant gay
Sprang into it lightly and sailed away—
  Away through the purple gloaming.

No moon looked down from the vaulted heaven,
  They sailed by the light of stars—
By the smile serene of the sisters seven
  And the ruddier glow of Mars.
But the storm-king rose in his grandeur grim,
And the stars swam into the distance dim,
  As they tossed on the troubled water.

The tempest roared, and the broad, deep river
  Flowed on with unruffled breast;
Again in high heaven the sisters quiver,
  And the wild winds sink to rest.
There is calm below, there is peace above,
And the eyes of the maiden are full of love
  As she clings to her happy lover.

They hear the boom of the mighty ocean;
  Their blithe barque breasts its swell,
And westward glides with a gentle motion,
  But whither? I cannot tell.
We know love's stream is not smooth for aye;
But the sweet stars shine as they sail away
  O'er the ocean of life together.

ABOUT WRESTLING.

THE few authors who have attempted to write any account of wrestling, mostly take great pains to assure us that this is the earliest art in which men engaged for hostile purposes.

It is, perhaps, a curious coincidence that in the Old World, as well as in the New, wrestling, should have developed itself into three different styles.

In the Greek arena of the classic ages, common wrestlers, in which the competitors took what hold they could, seems to have occupied a middle place between our wrestling—in which only the hands and wrists came into contact—and in wrestling, which commenced with a close hold, something like the Cornish "hug," and ended in a struggle on the ground.

In the Homeric contest, long before these distinctions had grown up, the two kings who condescended to enter the lists faced one another after the fashion of our "back hold."

The hands of each were stretched behind the back of the other: the feet were far apart, and the body arched forward. Although belts were worn, and indeed were put on specially for the encounter, it does not appear that any hold was taken of them. Nor is it quite clear whether the two hands of each man clasped one another, or caught at the skin of the other man, though the last seems the most likely view, as the poet so pointedly describes the discolored lumps which rose on the flesh of the wrestlers.

But in later times, when the wearing even of a belt was prohibited by Sparta, and abandoned in all parts of Greece, the best hold would be probably that of the clasped hands; for the body of each man was abundantly covered with oil, and any attempt at catching hold of it would probably have ended in a failure and defeat.

Wrestling in the Middle Ages was a pastime of the lower sort of people, and was seldom or never engaged in by the knights or barons, whose heavy armor would have sadly interfered with any attempt to make it useful to them in the field after a fall from their horses.

In Lodge's "Rosalynde," the original upon which "As You Like It" was founded, King Torismund, of France, appoints a day of tournament and wrestling, the former for men of gentle birth, and the latter for peasants and yoemen.

And when Rosander—the Orlando of the Shakesperian drama—strips to engage in the latter sport, "the company grieved that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action."

This account, whatever its authority, gives a very remarkable and no doubt pretty faithful picture of the old manner of wrestling.

The champion, who by command of the king stood up to face all comers, was a Norman of great stature and corpulence: and it is clear that the dread he inspired amongst the challengers was due chiefly to his habit of falling upon the vanquished opponent.

He had, as the "novel" says, killed many by falling upon them; and on the day of the grand display he disposed of his first antagonist in this way.

Other centuries afford us some glimpses of wrestling practiced as a popular amusement on the usual holidays.

On St. James' day and Lammas day there used to be a match between London and Westminster.

At the feast of St. Bartholomew there was wrestling before the lord mayor, aldermen and sheriffs, who were dressed for the occasion in their official costume.

The most ancient prizes in England seem to have been either a cock or a ram; but it seems that in prosperous times white bulls, horses with saddle and bridle, gold rings, gloves, and even casks of wine, were offered for competition.

But the sport was not well kept up, except in the west and north, for long after the Reformation.

It was relegated to professional exhibitors at beer gardens and fairs, and only saved from complete disuse among what may be called amateurs by the efforts of the few who continued to admire it as a healthful exercise.

Thus, in 1720, we read of Oxford students being fined for not going to the wrestling matches held on summer evenings.

At about the same time it was the custom for the squire in many parishes to give a beaver hat once every year to be wrestled for by the visitors.

A little later Sir Thomas Parkyns, who seems to have counted among his pupils some persons of high distinction in the State, made a valiant attempt to revive the sport, which he recommended not only as a pastime, but as a convenient substitute for the mischievous practice of dueling.

But even the exhortations of these well-meaning perrons who pleaded for the revival of wrestling, were thwarted to some extent by an absurd theory, spread abroad by the doctors of the period, to the effect that it was a common cause of rheumatism and ague.

Another writer declares that the sport did not for more than a century and a half recover from the blow dealt it by the restrictions put upon the amusements of the people during the rebellion.

But about sixty years ago there was a grand revival, and from 1826 forwards wrestling has commanded in this country and England some of the admiration and support it deserves.

Grains of Gold.

Fear sin, and you are safe.

From saving comes having.

Every man hath his weak side.

Content is a communicable virtue.

To owe is human; to pay up divine.

Two things that pay—Working and waiting.

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst.

No inferior person feels and forgives an offence.

Planning goes a great way toward lightening work.

Reason should not regulate, but supplement virtue.

An old man repents of that of which a young man boasts.

Patience is the endurance of any evil through love of God.

Oh, that we had spent one day in this world thoroughly well!

Converts who boast of their blessedness are not always the most stable.

The most important lesson of morality is this: Never do an injury to any one.

Men often judge the person, but not the cause, which is not justice, but malice.

Every morning let a reasonable day's work be contrived, and when it is accomplished, stop.

Genuine firmness of mind consists greatly in an habitual recollection of our own moderate powers and acquirements.

When a high-minded man takes pains to atone for his injustice, his kindness of heart shows in the best and purest light.

Every joy that life gives must be earned ere it is secured; and how hardly earned those only know who have wrestled for great prizes.

Good resolutions are often like loosely-tied cords—on the first strain of temptation they slip. They should certainly be tied in a hard knot of prayer.

Heaven is your proper home. Point your course to that glorious and happy world; and let every step which you take here advance you towards immortal life.

If we could choose what of all things would be at the same time the most delightful and useful to us, we should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing.

Femininities.

Hurried dinners make worried sinners.

The palace for care: the cottage for love.

The trimmings of the vain world would clothe the naked.

The female giraffe has a tongue seventeen inches long, but she can't talk.

Holland, it is said, has only only one poet, and that one is a woman.

Beauty is worse than liquor; it intoxicates both the holder and the beholder.

Two men have filed petitions in Youngstown, Ohio, asking a divorce from the same woman.

It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men than her reputation against women.

George Dalzell, of Zanesville, Ohio, saw no one but his sister for fifteen years. He died recently.

Two brothers in Connecticut married sisters, and the first son of each couple was born on February 29.

The girl who marries in May gets no ice cream in August. The honeymoon wanes long before that time.

Women are flowers, and they are always becoming more fragrant and beautiful if they are guarded and cared for.

"Toilet Secrets for Homely Women," is the title of a late book. There won't be many of them called for in this city.

Women are not naturally funny. They range above or below it. They may be keen or witty, but are not apt to be humorous.

Miss Mary Wurm, of Southampton, has won the Mendelssohn scholarship, the highest prize attainable to English musical students.

Some women cling to their own house like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness.

The curious custom of compelling brides on their wedding-day to have their front teeth extracted, is practiced among some of the African tribes.

W. W. Corcoran, the retired banker, who founded a home for aged women in Washington supports it from his own means, and the women who live in it are his guests.

Husband: "No, my wife doesn't sport many jewels, but there is one kind of gems of which she has a full supply." Friend: "What is that?" Husband: "Stratagems."

A Massachusetts woman who keeps an infants' home, advertises "pure milk and mother's love" constantly on draught. In most such places the love is as genuine as the milk.

The "influential women" of every community are those who are doing and daring, that the world may be made surer and better, whether they are fashionable or unfashionable it matters very little.

A woman makes the surgical instruments used by the most skilful operators on human flesh in New York City. She has been in the business nine years, and both makes and sells her sharp-edged wares.

The unwise ambition of parents frequently induces them to urge their children into careers for which they are wholly unfitted, and where they are soon lost in a crowd or trodden under by superior ability.

A man applied for a divorce at Burlington, Vt., because his better half had deserted him, saying that "she didn't propose to leave New York to go to Vermont to live with a lot of stingy gum-chawers."

Every respectable pet dog in Paris has now his traveling-box, with drawers for his paletots, harness, collars and boots, and for his gutta-percha tub, his sponges, and for his rice powder in case his complexion is fair.

In the village of Varanda, in South Hungary, a woman has been arrested on the charge of poisoning her fourth husband. She confesses to having murdered in that same way hundreds of women during the last two years.

A New York man who was married in the morning, was a maniac before night. This is an exception. It is seldom the effect follows so directly upon the cause, insanity usually holding off until the first house-cleaning, at least.

Partisans of women's rights will be glad to hear that a feminine candidate who was put up at Houquetot, near Havre, France, for the Conseil Municipal, had so large a majority of votes as to necessitate a second election, women not being eligible for the post.

Everybody likes to see kittens playing. Nobody seems disposed to speak harshly to them, or put an end to their frolicsome gambols by rough words. But why, then, are people so willing to stop the harmless play of their children by a stern look or peremptory command?

Among the Romans, a year of mourning was ordained, by law, for women who lost their husbands. In public mourning the shops of Rome were shut up, the senators laid aside their latiolavian robes, the consuls sat in a lower seat than usual, and the women put aside all their ornaments.

The woman who raised heaven and earth until she got her sealskin sacque, as well as the woman who knows no peace through not having one, may be interested in knowing the original cost of the fur. Natives of Alaska, the only place where fur-bearing seals are now found, receive 40 cents apiece for the skins from the dealers.

Do not rely too much upon your daughter's good sense, fond parent. Your boy may do unwise and even wicked things, and be a grief to you for a time, and yet go back and begin an honest life, and be honored and happy, and all the past is forgotten; but your girl may do no wrong thing at all, and yet entangle herself so that she is unhappy and out of place for the rest of her days.

News Notes.

Jonathan Chase, of Rhode Island, is the only Quaker in Congress.

Prairie dogs destroy $10,000,000 worth of grass in Texas every year.

Governor Waller, of Connecticut, was once a New York newsboy.

The school teachers of Vermont are prohibited by law from using tobacco in any form.

Shakspeare's "As You Like It" is soon to be played in the glade of a real wood, in England.

An eighty-six-year old resident of Greenwood Me., is reported to be cutting her fourth set of teeth.

In both Germany and Austria paper is now being extensively used for the manufacture of bottles.

A Little Falls, N. Y., man claims that he can eat twenty eggs at a meal, and then not feel uncomfortable.

The converts to Christianity in Japan the past year equal in number the converts of the previous twenty years.

Fifty thousand dollars a year is expended by the Bank of England in feeding its clerks during business hours.

In New York, recently, 7,500 pounds of meat was seized and condemned as being unfit for the use of human beings.

A public hall, fitted up as a theatre at Brunswick, Me., was dedicated a few days ago with exercises that began with prayer.

Pueblo, Col., has an effective way of ridding the city of unlicensed dogs. The City Council pays the police one dollar each for every one they kill.

By the use of the telephone a conversation was carried on recently over twelve hundred miles of wire looped between Cincinnati and Baltimore.

Mrs. Prowers, a beautiful widow of West Las Animas, is said to be the wealthiest cattle-raiser in the West. She is worth in the neighborhood of $10,000,000!

A substitute for genuine human hair is now made out of the inner lining of the bud of the palmetto tree. It can be made of any length, and dyed any color.

There is a fortune in so small a thing as a device for fastening a necktie. One of the patents in that line has jut been sold to a company for one million dollars.

Many milk-dealers who appeared a few days ago before Dairy Commissioner Brown, of New York, admitted that they habitually diluted their milk with water.

The aborigines of the Chatham Islands dispose of the remains of a deceased fisherman by lashing him fast in a boat, with a baited line in hand, and sending it adrift to sea.

A bullet was fired at the head of a colored man named Cummings, during a melee at Red Bank, N. J., the other night, and flattened against his forehead without doing him serious harm.

Lieutenant Schwatka, who explored the Arctic region without accident, was not so fortunate in exploring his own parlor. He fell over a rocking-chair the other day and broke his right arm.

A young man in Hillsdale, N. Y., has contracted to work seven years for a farmer of that place in consideration of obtaining the latter's daughter for a wife at the end of that period.

The marriage of a 12-year old girl to a gentleman of eighty years is reported from Boyan, S. C., the two having known each other but two weeks, and marrying with the consent of the girl's mother.

Toronto is the best Sabbath-keeping city in the world. The only stores open there on the Sabbath are those for selling milk and medicine, and those for only an hour or two in the morning and evening.

Fort Worth, Texas, is a rustling town. It has a white elephant, a cattle exchange, a variety show of beautiful blondes, a gambling saloon and five hundred gin mills. There is some talk of building a church.

The selling, or exposing for sale, of intoxicating liquors has been prohibited in Vermont for the last thirty years, and yet there are 426 places in the State where intoxicating liquors are more or less openly sold.

In Paris no newsboy can be employed to sell papers except by special official permission of the Prefecture of Police, whose consent is not given until after several weeks have been spent in an investigation of the boy's character.

The latest novelty in church entertainment has struck Cedar Rapids, Iowa. It is an evening of cradle songs, in which the different customs of nations in singing their babies to sleep will be told in song and illustrated in pantomime.

A veteran of the Army of the Potomac recently visited the Aisop Farm, near Fredericksburg, and handed a little son of Mrs. Aisop a $5 note, saying: "Just twenty years ago to-day I stole a side of bacon from your mother, and now I want to pay for it."

Cigarette-smokers will do well to take warning from the sad experience of that young man of Long Island, whose excessive fondness for the cigarette has, it is reported, resulted in a mental disorder, and that, too, just on the eve of his marriage.

While sawing a log, recently, in a Mississippi mill, the workmen were astonished to see the log suddenly take fire, and the machinery stop. Examining the saw, they found that every tooth was gone; and on splitting the log, a cannon-ball was found buried in the heart.

John Thomas, a colored boy of Lexington, Ky., got up a mouse-trap entirely on his own ideas. A drummer saw the boy with the trap, and paid him fifty cents for it. He sent it to Washington, secured a patent, and now thousands of them are being sold all over the country.

Her First Love.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

ARE you engaged to be married to Charles Danforth, Kate?" said Ann Duncan.

"Pr. y why do you ask that question?" retorted Kate Landon, rather peevishly.

"I merely asked for information," replied Ann.

"Well, what put such an idea into your head? I cannot guess who told you. I am very sure I never hinted at such a thing."

"Such is the current report, Kate. You have not told me whether it is true; but I mistrust it is."

"Yes, I'll own it, Ann; though I'm ashamed to."

"When are you going to be married?—or don't you intend to be married?"

"I told him I would be married next winter, but I won't. I am tired of him already."

"Kate Landon," said Ann, "will you promise to answer me one question, if you can?"

"Yes; half a dozen, if they are not too silly."

"How many times have you been engaged then?"

"'Pon my word, I don't know. Twenty times, I should think."

"As many as that, to my knowledge," said Ann.

"Yes," said Kate, "there was Will Harle. He was such a wit that I told him I would have him for the sake of laughing; but I soon got tired of his folly, and told him so.

"And Captain Stanton, with such beautiful, curling moustaches! I never liked him. I only engaged myself to him for the sake of teasing Fan Lawrence.

"And Burwell, I don't know why I flirted with him, except it was because no one offered himself just then.

"And there was Mr. Higgins, with a beautiful hand and foot! But I found he wore tight boots, and I would not have him. Who would?

"And young Simper, who looked so sentimental, and always talked of love and moonlight.

"I concluded he must be the man in the moon, and I should not like to live in moonshine always.

"And there was Wilmerton, who looked so silly, and never said anything worth mentioning in his life.

"But I never engaged myself to him. I flirted with him till he made an offer, and then refused him.

"And Jenkins! Good reason why I refused him. The only question in my mind is why I ever engaged to marry him.

"And Simpson—his father was rich, but I found that he was stingy. There is a host of others, but I am tired. They call me a coquette, but I don't care. I won't have anybody I don't like; and if I find it out after I am engaged to them, I'll break off the match."

"I would not have anyone I did not like, either, Kate; but why did you not mention Henry Eaton in your catalogue? I thought he stood at the head.

"Because I did not want to, Ann. I don't like to speak of him with those fellows."

"But you were engaged to him, were you not?"

"Yes; we promised to have each other when we were children, and renewed the promise once a week regularly, until he went away."

"Why did you, then, break the engagement? I should have thought it was so strong, no power on earth could have done it."

"I thought so once; but I have grown wiser. I have found by sad experience that vows are things of air."

"But you really loved Henry, once?"

"Yes, and always have; and do yet."

"Why, what made you refuse him, then?"

"I did not refuse him, Ann. The fact is, that Henry Eaton was poor, and he felt it. Edward Leslie's father was very wealthy, he had just returned from college, and frequently came to see me, though for nothing more than friendship, and because we were children together, as you yourself know.

"Henry was a little jealous; he hinted his suspicions to me.

"I was angry that he should suspect that I could love anyone more than him; and especially that I loved him less because he was poor.

"I told him, in a pet, that if he thought me so fickle, he could be released from all childish engagements.

"This only confirmed his suspicions; he left me.

"I received a letter of farewell from him. Where he went, I never knew. He has probably forgotten me, and given his heart to one more worthy of him; but I have not forgotten him, and never can.

"They call me a heartless coquette; perhaps Henry does.

"I was a coquette then, though I have not been since.

"My heart is given to Henry, but I have lost his."

"But, Kate, if you have loved no one but Henry Eaton, why have you so often promised to marry others? Was it for the sake of breaking your promise?"

"No, not exactly that; I hardly know why I have done so. I have given you the reason for some of my engagements. I did not know but I might forget Henry, and love some other one—but I cannot. Sometimes I did it for fun, and sometimes I was altogether reckless.

"But I will never promise to marry again. I'll tell Charles Danforth I cannot love him and will live a nun for Henry's sake."

"See that you keep that resolution," said Ann, laughing at Kate's sober conclusion.

"Oh, I'm in earnest! I'm tired of hearing of broken hearts and dying lovers. There is no sense in it. I am tired of being called cruel and hard-hearted. I'll give no more occasions for silly words and sickening sonnets. I am really determined to take the veil."

"Perhaps you are serious, but I'll bet a diamond ring that you will be engaged again before the end of the winter."

"I don't think I shall have much need of diamond rings in a convent," said Kate; "but I'll accept your bet, for I know I shall win it, and it shall remain a lasting witness that I have kept at least one promise."

Thus the bet was agreed upon.

Kate Landon had determined to become a nun, and immediately wrote for admission to a convent in the following spring. I don't know but she would have taken the veil the next day after her conversation with Ann Duncan; but Ann was to be married in a few weeks to Edward Leslie, and Kate had promised to be her bridesmaid.

This, like the promise between Kate and Henry Eaton, had been made in childhood and ratified every week since.

If Kate was married first, Ann was to be her bridesmaid; and if Ann was married first, Kate was to be hers.

Though Kate had made twenty promises to her beaux, and broken them all; and though she had declared that vows are things of air, yet these two promises she had ever considered sacred; and though her promise to Henry was now void, yet there were moments like that in which she had conversed with Ann Duncan, when she felt that perhaps it was binding, and she would live in seclusion rather than trifle with or break that engagement.

The promise she had made to Ann, though of minor importance, was also a promise of childhood, and now remained in full force; and Kate deferred entering the convent, in order to fill it.

Ann's wedding was a joyous occasion to all save Kate Landon.

It had been long wished for and expected. The parties were wealthy, and young, and handsome, and very happy in each other's love.

The wedding party was large and fashionable.

The apartments were splendidly adorned and lighted up.

The refreshments were rare and sumptuous.

The bride was elegantly arrayed. She looked almost as beautiful as Kate.

The bridegroom looked better than usual though Kate thought not so well as Henry Eaton.

But all this happiness, elegance, beauty, and bliss had no charm for Kate. She had dressed herself richly, and with taste, and looked beautiful; for she could not look otherwise.

She looked happy and pleased, for she would not look otherwise at Ann's wedding; yet she felt that such a festival might have been, but never would be, for her. That all those happy smiles, and joyous wishes, and bridal kisses might have been lavished upon her who would be so lonely. When she looked at Edward, the happy bridegroom, she thought of Henry and their sad parting, and longed for the silent cell of the convent.

Gay music echoed through the festive halls, youth and beauty joined in the light-toed dance; but as Kate accepted the hand of the first groomsman to join in the quadrille, she felt it was for the last time. Her partner was a young gentleman from India. He had just arrived. Kate had been introduced to him as Lieutenant Atwood, an old friend of Edward Leslie's, who had returned in order to visit his friends and be present at Edward's wedding.

He was tall, erect, and of a fine figure, with large, regular features, and dark, expressive eyes.

He was noble, dignified, and commanding in his bearing—graceful in the dance—all that a girl could love.

She was tired, and did not join in the second quadrille; but Mr. Atwood sat by her on the window-seat, and was even more interesting than in the dance. Ann Duncan (now Mrs. Leslie) looked at them, and thought of the diamond ring. Mr. Atwood attended Kate to the supper-table. She did not flirt—she was evidently pleased with him.

He handed her into the carriage, and Kate asked him to call upon her. He called the next morning. Now for the sequel. The winter was more than half-finished, when Ann received a diamond ring and a note from Kate, stating that she was once more engaged to be married; and before the end of winter there was a more splendid and elegant wedding—a larger and more fashionable party than that we have before described—a more beautiful bride and handsome bridegroom than Ann Duncan and Edward Leslie. Kate Landon was married to Henry Eaton.

Solution: Lieutenant Atwood was Henry Eaton.

The plot and the fictitious name had been contrived by Ann Duncan and Edward Leslie.

The climate and hardships of India had so changed Henry, his dress and manners were so altered, that Kate did not recognize him.

After the wedding, Kate received a diamond ring from Ann.

She had not made a new engagement—only renewed an old one.

THRO' CROOKED WAYS.

In Boston city, where of old they said
They made a street where'er a cowpath led,
These are so crooked, in so many ways,
They're worse, indeed, than was the Cretan maze.

Once, thro' their windings, at a wary pace,
A puzzled stranger straining had to trace
And thread his course unto a certain point,
With sudden curves his limbs nigh out of joint,
Quick to a sharp and giddy turning came:
Half-dazed and bothered, doubling round the same,
O'erstepped the curb, and, to escape a fall,
Grabbed what he thought a coat-tail or a shawl
In front, and clung thereto, tho' sprawling in the dust.
"Zounds!" he exclaimed, "who else, to their disgust,
Have I dragged down beside me in the dirt?"
And an excuse began to frame and blurt,
Then turned to see whose coat-tail still he grasped—
"Great Scott! It is my very own!" he gasped.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

Off for the summer—Flannels.

Punishment after death—The average funeral sermon.

Can a sorrel team be set down as a pair of red drawers?

What part of a shop is exactly like every other part? The counter-part.

Why are oranges like church-bells? Because we have peals from them.

Why is the figure nine like a peacock? Because its nothing without its tail.

Say what you like—of all men it is the hatter whose influence is most felt.

When are we most likely to find the sky blue? The nearer we go to the milky way.

Why would you recommend extravagant ladies to young men seeking wives? Because they would make dear wives.

"Now, my young gentleman, how would you like your hair cut?" "Like papa's, please, with a little round hole at the top."

One would suppose that the coining of pennies by the Government would barely pay, as it takes ten mills to make one cent.

Why is a man who has fallen off a tree, and is determined to go up again, like a man emigrating? He is going to try another clime.

"No," said Brown to Robinson, with a sigh, "I haven't got change for a five, but I should like to have a five for a change."

"How Flies Hang On," is the subject of an article in the Popular Science Monthly. We agree with you, but it will be worse before the summer is over.

Wonderful cures of Heart Disease by using Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Sold by druggists at $1.

An invention certain to keep neckties in place is announced. One thing more, and all men will be happy: An invention that will hunt for collar-buttons.

Humphreys' Homeopathic
Specific No. 28
In use 20 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes.
$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address, **Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.**

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FOR ALL.
ONE HUNDRED
Of the Most Popular Songs,
-Music and Words,-
FOR
Ten Cts.

SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

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music and words, to any address.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve **PAIN** with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** will afford instant ease.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,
Sciatica,
Headache,
Toothache,
Inflammation,
Asthma,
Influenza,
Difficult Breathing.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS,
DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaint,** Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Malaria in its Various Forms,
Fever and Ague.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.
FOR THE CURE OF ALL
Chronic Diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat.

Purifies the Blood, Restoring Health & Vigor.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

THE SKIN,

After a few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots, and skin eruptions are removed, sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of corrosive sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensation when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No 32 Warren Street, New York.**
Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

Facetiæ.

The easiest thing to kill—Time.

Which is the most hearty gentleman? Sirloin.

Why is a newly born baby like a gale of wind? Because it begins with a squall.

Why is a specimen of handwriting like a dead pig? Because it is done with the pen.

Why are horses in cold weather like meddlesome gossips? Because they are bearers of idle tails.

Some malignant slanderer now states that "a woman needs no eulogist, for she speaks for herself."

When a young man is alone with his sweetheart, he is generally supposed to be holding his own.

Washington was the father of this country, and blowing out the gas on retiring is one of its smothers.

"Will you name the bones of the skull?" "I've got them all in my head, professor, but can't give them."

A burglar alarm clock went off the other night without arousing the family. It went off with the burglar.

"Although he was a bank director, the deceased died a Christian," says an obituary notice in an exchange.

There is luck in odd numbers—that is, more peace in the house if there is but one baby instead of twins.

"Rents are high this year," murmured C. D. Kuss, as he gloomily surveyed a rent in the back of his coat.

Father—"I never imagined that your studies cost so much money." Student—"Yes, and I don't study much, either."

The meanest man in the world is living in Germany. In helping him out of the river, a man tore the collar of his coat. The next day he sued him for assault and battery.

A woman in perfect health, and possessing luxuriant tresses, lost all her hair in one night. Next day she had her servant arrested for stealing it from off the bureau.

The theory that the average length of life is increasing, is borne out by the fact that there are at present as many survivors of the war of 1812 as there was fifty years ago.

"Waiter, I saw your thumb in this soup as you were bringing it to me!" "Oh, you're kind, I'm sure, sir; but it's of no consequence. It wasn't hot enough to hurt much, sir."

In this season of the year the American boy's heart is fired with a mission to go out and kill the dime novel Indian in his lair. The boy goes—about ave miles—and returns to be licked. The Indian thus survives.

Never known to fail, Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator as a cure for Heart Disease. Sold by druggists.

Twenty-four hours piled up in a heap make a day. The day is cut in two, and the other half called night. The hour is all smashed up into sixty pieces called minutes. Please make a minute of this. Sixty seconds make a minute, two seconds make a duel.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 198 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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Fast Potato Digging

THE MONARCH POTATO DIGGER
Saves its cost yearly. FIVE TIMES OVER, to every farmer. Guaranteed to Dig Six Hundred Bushels a Day!
SENT ON
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Test Trial.
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☞ Write postal card for FREE elegantly illustrated Catalogue, in Six Brilliant Colors, that cost us $2000 to publish.

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BLAINE Agents wanted for authentic edition of his life. Published at Augusta, his home. Largest, handsomest, cheapest, best. By the renowned historian and biographer, Colonel Conwell, whose life of Garfield, published by us, outsold the twenty others by 80,000. Outsells every book ever published in this world; many agents are selling fifty daily. Agents are making fortunes. All new beginners successful; grand chance for them; $43.50 made by a lady agent the first day. Terms most liberal. Particulars free. Better send 25 cents for postage, etc., on free outfit, now ready, including large prospectus book, and save valuable time.
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Who sends us eight 2-cent stamps (16cts.) and the names and address of ten boys and girls who love to read, will receive "Young America" one year, a large 50-cent monthly, full of brilliant pictures, stories, poems, puzzles, etc. Best and cheapest boys and girls paper in America. Don't miss this rare chance. Address YOUNG AMERICA,
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Are Indigestion and Constipation. Their primary symptoms are among the most distressing of minor human ailments, and a host of diseases, speedily resultant from them, mutually aggravate each other and assail at once the whole machinery of life. **Nausea, Foul Breath, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Headaches, Bilious Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Kidney Diseases, Piles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dropsy,** and various **Skin Disorders,** are among the symptoms and maladies caused by derangement of of the stomach and bowels.

A Thorough Purgative

medicine is the first necessity for cure. Then the cathartic effect must be maintained, in a mild degree, just sufficient to prevent a recurrence of costiveness, and at the same time the liver, kidneys and stomach must be stimulated and strengthened.

Ayer's Pills

Accomplish this restorative work better than any other medicine. They are searching and thorough, yet mild, in their purgative action. They do not gripe the patient, and do not induce a costive reaction, as is the effect of other cathartics. Withal, they possess special properties, diuretic, hepatic and tonic, of the highest medicinal value and

Absolutely Cure

All diseases proceeding from disorder of the digestive and assimilatory organs. The prompt use of AYER'S PILLS to correct the first indications of costiveness, averts the serious illnesses which neglect of that condition would inevitably induce. All irregularities in the action of the bowels—looseness as well as constipation—are beneficially controlled by AYER'S PILLS, and for the stimulation of digestive organs weakened by long-continued dyspepsia, one or two of AYER'S PILLS daily, after dinner, will do more good than anything else.

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That AYER'S PILLS are the best of all cathartic medicines, and many practitioners, of the highest standing, customarily prescribe them.

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PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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For sale by all Druggists.

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"SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN"

Instantly relieves and speedily cures all delicate and troublesome affections peculiar to ladies. Highly endorsed by physicians who make a specialty of such diseases in "Hospitals for Women," and in large cities. This wonderful gynecian remedy is put up in granules, in a concentrated form. Each bottle represents the medical virtue of a pint of the decoction—and can be kept without loss of virtue a reasonable time. $2.00 by mail. Address Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St. Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ DR. LUTZE, Ex. U. S. Ex. Surgeon, author of various monograms on the Diseases of Women, etc., etc., treats female diseases exclusively, at office or by letter. Advice free. In writing for advice, address DR. LUTZE, care Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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PILLS OF TANSY are Perfectly Safe and always Effectual. Sealed particulars 2 cts.
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MAGNIFICENT ART WORKS!
COMPANION MASTERPIECES!

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"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER."

12X16 INCHES IN SIZE.
FOR 30 CENTS.

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"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" depicts the glory of the Eastern Landscape.
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☞ THEY ARE NOT CHEAP CHROMOS. ☜

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No description could do them full justice. We venture to say that finer specimens of the oleographic art have never been produced, while for cheapness they are unparalleled. The originals from which these pictures have been painted are valued at $25,000. The number of copies is limited and we advise all those wishing a couple of pictures that in every essential respect may be regarded an oil-paintings, to apply at once.

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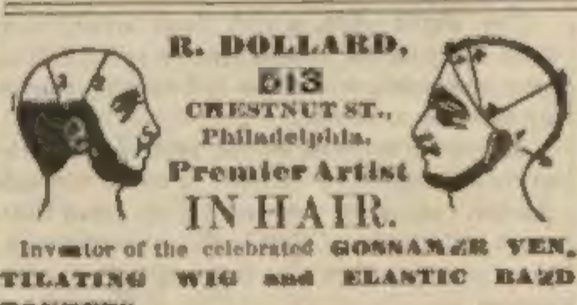

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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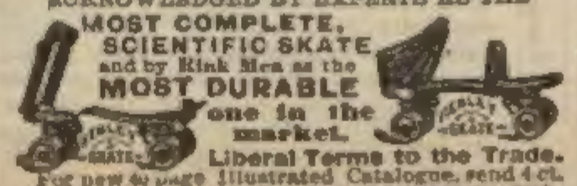
ACKNOWLEDGED BY EXPERTS AS THE
MOST COMPLETE, SCIENTIFIC SKATE and by Rink Men as the MOST DURABLE one in the market.



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50 New Enameled Chromo Cards for 1884, name on, 10c. Prize with 3 p'ks. Potter & Co, Moutowese, Ct.

FINE BLACK AND COLORED **SILKS** In short lengths, None less than 1-2 yd., almost **GIVEN AWAY**
To close out remnants, we will send 6 pieces, all one color or assorted, postpaid, for 25 cts., 12 for 50 cts., 24 for $1. No pieces less than 1-2 yard, many much longer. Can be used successfully in making and trimming dresses and other garments. Stamps taken. This appears but once. Importers' Silk Agency, 120 Broadway, New York.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE lately recovered fancy for alpaca and mohair amounts abroad to a positive revival.

These are the "new" materials for every day dresses, par excellence. The mohairs especially, which now have a very fine, silky texture, are in great favor.

In Paris, they are used, in general, in two shades of Suede, "beige" or gray for a costume.

It is also not uncommon to see some shade of gray united with one of Suede, which may happen to harmonize especially well.

These suits have a durable, satisfactory look. The "facon," the way of making, is rather simple. Not much trimming. Occasionally some galloon, braided with steel for the gray dresses.

Also an "agraffe" or buckle of silver steel. For the trimming of the alpaca costumes—which are recommended for serviceable traveling suits—nothing better has been devised than rows of narrow velvet ribbon.

This is certainly very suggestive of "ye olden time." Still, a French women's innate tact and chick can give a modernized and attractive appearance to material even as little valuable, from an artistic point of view, as this.

With these vests of costumes are worn hats or bonnets of colored straw, matching the predominant color of the dress and trimmed generously with spring flowers and ribbons, also a little velvet.

With the visiting and carriage costumes of changeable silks and brocades—almost all mixed with some ecru, either in the form of lace, or embroidered tulle, or, at least, of a small guimpe.

The bonnet is of gold or ecru lace, of silver gauze with velvet flowers embossed, or of the old-fashioned horse-hair, with silver or gold threads woven in with the braid. The trimming consists again of knots of ribbon, narrow velvet strings and of flowers, bouquets, grasses and leaves.

The little summer mantles are of black silk grenadine, with flowers of velvet, sometimes with a touch of color and with linings of changeable taffeta in golden brown, orange, red, according to the degree of elegance.

The carriage parasols are all transparent, of soft lace, sometimes set off by some bright bows. Boots, shoes and slippers have decidedly low, flat heels.

High heels are sold only in the ready-made "chaussure" to the less fastidious of customers. The hair is worn exclusively high, on the very top of the head, and occasionally massed a trifle on one side, the other side being filled in and finished for the evening, or the ball, by knots or "poufs" or soft-figured gauzes, or gauze ribbons, and in the former case by flowers and aigrette to boot.

Very young girls and debutantes have had a charming novelty invented for their use. Their simple coiffure is most poetically adorned with a thick, broad wreath of natural flowers, rosebuds, or other small, fine blossoms, set rather back from the face.

Nothing more youthful and pretty can be imagined than this floral crown. Add to it a short evening dress of tulle, or crepe lisse, over satin.

The thin material tucked in the front above a fluffy mass of little flounclings at the foot and forming behind what the Parisian dressmakers now call a "veil," that is, a full, straight drapery, plaited in at the waist, and floating down in vaporous folds, and finish the picture by conceiving a low bodice with surplice folds of tulle or crape coming modestly over the shoulders, and often drawn in at the waist under a belt of satin, with light sprays of hyacinths of lilacs and knots of pale gauze ribbons holding the same here and there, and one has the very perfection of evening attire for the rosebud age.

The revival of these gauze ribbons, along with many other old things, is a happy idea. They have a particularly nice effect on thin, light materials.

They are beginning to be used by the New York dressmakers to some extent on such fabrics as mull, nainsook, gauze, lawn, etc. Another leading Paris style of the moment which, it is predicted, will, with some minor modifications, be in great vogue for seaside and watering place dresses this summer consists of a skirt of checked, changeable surah or silk and of an overdress of some soft wool goods, cut into deep squares on the edge, with a straight blouse of the same, slurred in the back and drawn in loosely about the waist by a thick silk cord.

Revers, cuffs and collar of the checked material, and a cravat to match.

This model is chiefly for young girls and young married ladies. It presents, in so far as the blouse is concerned, another aspect of the liking for half loose, shirred and draped and round waists, which is making itself every day more apparent, and before which the jersey bodice, tight and plain, and molding the figure closely of which we have seen more or less variety within the last ten years, is bound sooner or later to go to the wall.

This jersey bodice style will probably not be relinquished very fast—it is too becoming as a rule, and especially too advantageous to stout figures; women will not give it up without a struggle.

But it is doomed, nevertheless. The woven jersey might be called the climax, the culminating front of this fashion. The point from which it was fated, by the everlasting law of change which rules feminine fashions, as well as the weightiest affairs of nations, to go down and back, to slowly wane.

That type of waist, admirable as it was from every point of view, has been exhausted.

Some change, some novelty, must be brought up in its stead. But as there is nothing absolutely new under the vault of the heavens, one must resurrect.

And so the quaint and really not at all lovely bodices of our mothers and grandmothers have been dug from the honorable shade where they reposed.

But they are being improved under modern fingers, these bodices. It is the same thing, and yet not the same.

They are draped, gathered, crossed, supplied with bouffant fronts, manipulated in a thousand different ways. The new methods of closing them, too, diagonally across from the right side of the collar to the left hip, or down the left side alone, always with the outward curving inclination toward the left hip, constitute happy departures from the old type.

With the first mode of fastening there is always the accompaniment of the few soft, loose folds following the diagonal line as it crosses the figure, and the idea of which is reproduced in the separated plastrons of lace, beaded net, etc., now fashionable in Paris and of which we have had already occasion to speak.

The second manner of closing the waist, down the left side, is introduced effectively in the composition of a recent French dress of mouse-gray gros grain, which has a skirt trimmed with bands of the material, set an inch or two apart, from above the small box-plaiting at the foot nearly nearly to the waist and graduated in width, diminishing as they go up.

The apron falls away in a sharp point in front, and is gathered in rich folds high on the left hip; the back is draped irregularly, one corner forming a point; the waist is fastened by a belt of gros grain, with ends crossed in front; a full jabot of soft mull is carried down the left side over the fastening of invisible hooks, and corresponds with a deep-plaited collarette and cuffs of mull.

The much used polonaises, which hold their own bravely through all the fluctuations of fashion, are frequently fastened diagonally now or are double-breasted, a la Moscovite.

The right side, which laps over, may then be carried down into a point falling over the skirt, while the left side is tucked up to form a panier.

A large rosette of velvet ribbon is found to be an effective finish against the said panier, seeming to hold it up; and there may be a velvet belt. This model has a very pretty effect in soft veilings or cashmeres.

White for instance, with a plain skirt finished with a deep valance of embroidery and falling over a glimpse of black velvet plaiting at the foot; black velvet rosettes and belt, and deep round-guimpe or chemisette of embroidery at the neck, finished with a little edging of finest embroidery of lace, falling all around, and a ruche at the neck, above a broad band of black velvet.

Fireside Chat.

ABOUT COOKERY AND THE HEALTH.

FISH croquettes.—The remains of a cold fish. Remove all skin and bones most carefully, then mash the fish free from all lumps; add a piece of butter, pepper, salt, and mace (and if you have any cold crab or lobster sauce so much the better). Form the fish into portions the size and shape of an egg; if too soft, a few breadcrumbs may be added.

Dip each portion into an egg well beaten up, and then into fine breadcrumbs. Fry a golden-brown in boiling lard; drain and serve on a napkin garnished with fried parsley, or on a dish with tartare sauce.

Fish Fritters.—Take the remains of any fish which has been served the previous day, remove all the bones, and pound it in a mortar; add breadcrumbs and mashed potatoes in equal quantities.

Mix together half a teacupful of cream with two well-beaten eggs, some cayenne pepper, and anchovy sauce.

Beat it all up to a proper consistency, cut it into small cakes, and fry them in boiling lard.

Cold meat and ham croquettes.—Take cold fowl or cold meat of any kind, with a few slices of cold ham-fat and lean, chop together until very fine, add half as much stale bread grated, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of made mustard; one tablespoonful of ketchup, a small lump of butter.

Knead all well together, make into small flat cakes (the yolk of an egg can be used to bind the ingredients, but it is not necessary).

Brush with the yolk of a beaten egg on both sides, cover thickly with grated breadcrumbs, fry in a little lard or butter to a light brown.

These croquettes can be made from a very little cold meat and ham, and they are excellent.

Cheesecakes.—Line some patty-pans with puff paste, and then fill them with the following mixture: Melt 2oz butter, and 2oz sifted loaf sugar, the rind of two lemons grated, the juice of two lemons strained; beat well, and it is ready. Bake in a moderate oven.

Baked Tomatoes.—Take off stalks, cut in thick slices, add pepper, salt, and butter; put in deep baking-dishes; cover with breadcrumbs and a little oiled butter; bake half an hour.

Shoulder of Lamb Stuffed.—Take the bladebone out of a shoulder of lamb, fill up the hole with forcemeat, and sew up with coarse thread; put it into a stewpan with a few slices of bacon under and over the lamb; and a bunch of herbs, two onions, half a head of celery, and a quart of rich stock.

Stew gently for two hours; reduce the gravy to one half, pour over the lamb, and serve.

Lobster Baked in its Shell.—Boil the lobster. After removing the meat put it in a saucepan with a quarter of a pint of cream, or rich milk, pepper, salt, and a dessert-spoonful of butter rolled in flour; stir it to keep from oiling; when all the ingredients are well mixed pour them into the shell and bake in the oven until of a light-brown color, then serve hot.

Fresh codfish and halibut are both excellent cooked in this manner. They can be put into scallop-shells or into a dish.

Tomatoes and Meat.—Cut in halves and hollow out in centre; take whatever cold meat you have, chop with onion, some herbs, crumbs of bread, and add to it two yolks of eggs; fill up your tomatoes and put in a buttered pan; let them bake slowly.

"Resotta" (an Indian Dish).—Have one pint of skinned tomatoes seasoned with pepper, salt and onion, one teacup of rice, a large spoonful of butter, two spoonfuls of grated cheese, some finely-chopped ham. Put all in a saucepan; add three onions fried brown, and the gravy in which they have been fried.

Fill up half full of boiling water the saucepan, stirring the mixture whilst it cooks; when it begins to dry away fill up again with boiling water; let it boil away again, adding boiling water a third time if necessary.

Do not let it burn or stick to the saucepan. It requires constant stirring when it gets nearly done.

Add more seasoning if necessary. It will take about half an hour to cook.

Quickly-made Puddings.—Heat one pint of milk; stir into it ¼ lb butter, ¼ lb sugar; when cool add gradually ¼ lb flour, five eggs well beaten (leave out the whites of two), flavor with a few drops of essence of almonds or lemons, beat well.

Butter some very small basins or cups, pour in the mixture to rather more than half full, then bake about half and hour. Serve with stewed fruit, boiled custard, or sauce.

Sea-bathing.—A timely warning to those about to enjoy the summer luxury of sea-bathing.

Dr. Sexton of New York, finds salt water to be peculiarly irritating to the delicate membrance of the inner ear, while cold fresh water may be equally injurious. Every year hundreds of persons are sent to the infirmary for treatment whose troubles has arisen from getting water into their ears while bathing, or from catching cold in the ears at such times.

He recommends as a precaution, the plugging of the ears with cotton before entering the water, particularly in surf-bathing.

Half a teaspoonful of table salt dissolved in a little cold water and drunk will instantly relieve heartburn, or dyspepsia. If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a tumbler of water, it will in a few day cure any ordinary case of dyspepsia, if, at the same time, due attention is paid to the diet.

There is no better remedy than the above for constipation

As a gargle for sorethroat it is equal to chlorate of potash, and is entirely safe. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it will have a beneficial effect on the throat by cleansing it and by allaying the irritation.

In doses of one to four teaspoonfuls in half a pint to a pint of tepid water, it acts promptly as an emetic; and in cases of poisoning is always at hand.

Correspondence.

HANNAH H. H.—Yes; it happened just about 20 years ago.

L. U.—The only way is to advertise, or to search the advertisement columns of the daily papers.

FRANK.—Apollo was the son of Jupiter and Latona; he was god of fine arts. He is generally represented with long hair, tall, beardless, and of handsome figure, holding in his hand a bow and sometimes a lyre.

T. APPLE.—Yes, a rhyme may be either male or female. A male rhyme is one in which the final syllables only agree as—strain, complain; a female rhyme is one in which the two formal syllables agree, the last being short—as motion, ocean.

SOPHIA.—Treat the young man kindly and courteously and await developments. If he has not enough decision of character to choose for himself in such an important matter as the selection of a wife, you would not lose much if you should lose him.

L. C.—Use every reasonable and proper means to see the young lady, and to make yourself agreeable to her; study her tastes, let her know that you are in earnest, and really love her; and unless the young lady already loves someone else, the chances are much in your favor.

J. W.—(1.) If she will not speak, write to her and ask the reason. If she refuses to answer the letter, the best thing you can do is to console yourself with another lady. There are plenty just as good perhaps, who would, no doubt, be glad of your attentions. (2.) After she returns her thanks, nothing more is to be said.

SUBSCRIBER.—(1.) It is not necessary to give the real name. (2.) If a writers' products are worth anything, he may receive pay immediately. We would not however encourage you to enter the ranks of authorship, with any hope of speedy recompense. It is a long and weary road to success, either financially or in fame.

LISPER.—Read aloud, very slowly and deliberately, for two or three hours every day. Dwell on each difficult word, and repeat it several times until you force yourself into a better pronunciation. Practice the system for some months, and you will gradually improve your speech, even if you do not altogether cure yourself of lisping.

J. E.—A youth who is short of stature, and wishes to accelerate his growth, should practice gymnastic exercises, and be as much as possible out in the fresh air. He should rise very early, and go to bed early; he should avoid tobacco and spirits, and drink moderately of porter or stout, but not ale; and he should live on generous but simple food.

P. S.—The only way to acquire a familiar acquaintance with all the words of our language is to read the best English authors attentively; and, as you go along, to search out carefully, in some standard dictionary, the meaning of any words you are not familiar with. To acquire a knowledge of technical and scientific terms, you must read technical and scientific works in the same manner.

A. P.—Write to Lippincott & Co. Publishers, this city. (2.) We do not find the name of either in the lists of papers published in New York. It is probable therefore they are not now in existence. (3.) He is a humorist residing, we think, in Nevada. We do not know, but think that is his real name. (4.) The language of stamps varies. Generally the signification changes with the corner upon which it is placed.

BESS.—You have had so many quarrels with your lover that it will probably be for your happiness to break off with him altogether. Having given you his promise to see nothing more of the other young lady, he should have kept his word even at the risk of being rude. If he had cared for you as a man ought to care for the woman whom he has asked to marry him, he would have found some way of avoiding the engagement to take the walk.

TEDDY.—The pores in the skin are the orifices of minute convoluted tubes which lie beneath the orifices of the human skin, and when straightened, measure each about the fourth of an inch. According to Erasmus Wilson, the number of these tubes, which open into every square inch of the body, is 2,000. The total number of square inches on the surface of an average-sized man is 2,500; consequently, the surface of his body is drained by not less than twenty-eight miles of tubing, furnished with 7,000,000 openings.

IVANHOE.—When a young gentleman has gone far as to make an engagement with a young lady and draw her into a correspondence, he should not break off that engagement all in a moment because he fancies her letters have become "cold." He should first write and represent his fears to her, and request to be acquainted with the reason. An engagement is too serious a thing to be lightly broken off, and every opportunity for explanation or apology should be afforded before such an extreme measure is resorted to.

THERESA.—Joan of Arc was a country girl, who, in 1429, avowed she was commissioned by Heaven to drive the English out of France. She was accordingly invested with a command, and, raising the siege of Orleans, gained several great advantages, and assisted in crowning the French king at Rheims. Her mission was ended; but she was prevailed on to undertake the defence of Compeigne, and, being taken prisoner, she was, by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of England, burnt as a sorceress, at Rouen, in 1431.

ANNIE.—If your silk is badly spotted, nothing but re-dying will be satisfactory. Potato-water is recommended for cleaning and renovating all kinds of colors of silks. It is prepared by peeling and grating a large potato into a quart of water, letting the water stand for forty-eight hours, and then pouring off the clear liquid. Into this liquid dip the silk two or three times without creasing it; then wipe on a flat table with a clean towel, first on one side, then on the other; and, finally, iron one way on the soiled side while still damp.

J. D.—We think that the young lady's father was perfectly right in objecting to you as a son-in-law on the ground of your being an idler, and living on your industrious relations. This is a perfectly valid objection. The idle man in such a case is a sponge upon the world, and a curse to his fellow creatures. Every man that thus remains idle is adding to the misery of the world—is really injuring the morals and happiness of the human family, and should be held responsible for it. What would be our fate if we were all to become idlers?